Week ending October 17 1953 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

I BECOME A POLICEMAN
by Gilbert Harding

HORNBLOWER OF THE ATROPOS
C. S. Forester's magnificent new adventure

ODETTE AND I ARE BETRAYED
by Captain Peter Churchill

DIFFERENT...

BY ROWNTREES

for her, AERO—the milk chocolate that's different!

For a new experience in delightful full-cream milk chocolate that melts in your mouth in a moment.

EDITORIAL

Sorry, it's off!

AFTER fourteen years of vienna steaks and apologies the restaurants of Britain are free again to serve what they like. There is even enough butter. Cheap crockery is back and there is no shortage of soap and water.

So the 66,562 restaurants and cafés should be bright, clean establishments serving delicious, varied meals.

Are they?

GO into the nearest one, look at the stained menu, order what is not crossed off, and compare the result with what you would have been offered before the war. Note the chipped crockery, teeming with unseen germs. Get the bill and work out what the food would have cost at home. If you are not dismayed, you are very lucky indeed.

MR. HANCOX
His travellers complain . . .

People who have to depend on restaurant meals are fed up, and only in the more miserable sense of the phrase.

Mr. T. W. Hancox, an official of the United Commercial Travellers' Association, says: "In many restaurants the prices are considerably out of proportion to the intrinsic value of the food. We often get complaints as to the quality, price and wretched service."

Some restaurants are very good. In London's Soho it is possible to get an excellent meal of hors d'oeuvre, escalope of veal, peach melba, roll and butter for 3s. 9d. But if one restaurant can do it, why does 6s. 6d. seem to be the minimum in restaurants of similar quality elsewhere, from Inverness to Plymouth?

RESTAURATEURS blame the Catering Wages Act and the cost of food, but at least one caterer charges a shilling for a meat loaf sandwich, the ingredients of which cost twopence. Wages and overheads can hardly account for six hundred per cent profit.

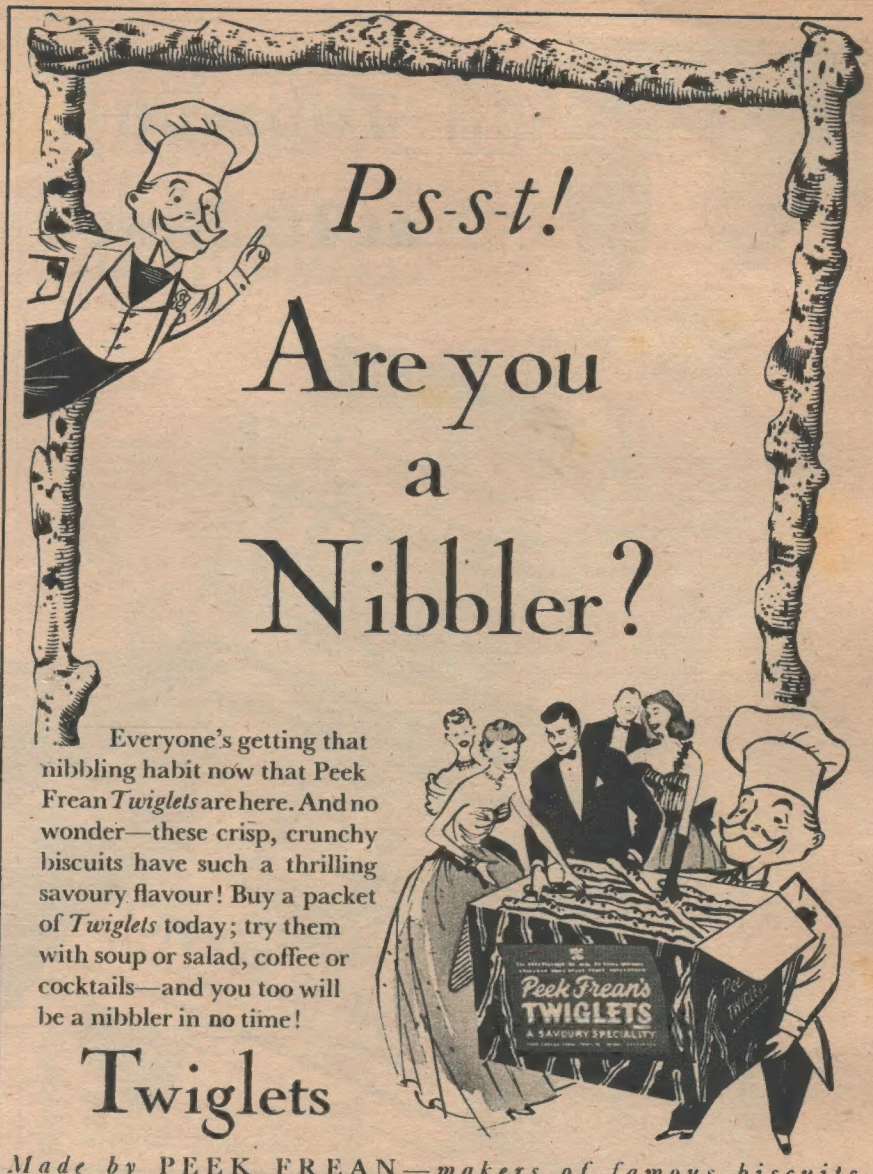
The fourteen lean years almost destroyed British catering, once a pride of these islands. The traditional English roast beef, Irish stew and Scotch salmon were replaced by travesties disguised in menu-French, which no Frenchman understands. Now is the time to bring them back. It's up to the catering trade.

BUT the customer isn't helpless in this matter of getting decent value for money. In the last three years, Mr. Sidney Wilson, of Bournemouth, has smashed hundreds of cups and dishes in front of their horrified owners.

"They were cracked—and dangerous," he explains. He has yet to be prosecuted.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THINGS always go wrong on mother's first evening out after the baby is born. Usually, he wakes just in time for the ten o'clock feed—but not tonight. In despair, father gets out the gripe water and thinks of Alice in Wonderland's advice: "Twist it into a sort of knot and keep tight hold of its right ear and left foot." But, for good baby-care, artist Harry Zelinski follows Oscar Wilde's dictum: "Fathers should be neither seen nor heard."

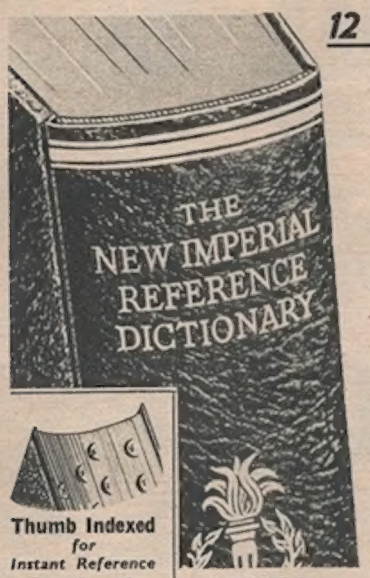

P-s-s-t!
Are you a Nibbler?
Everyone's getting that nibbling habit now that Peek Frean *Twiglets* are here. And no wonder—these crisp, crunchy biscuits have such a thrilling savoury flavour! Buy a packet of *Twiglets* today; try them with soup or salad, coffee or cocktails—and you too will be a nibbler in no time!
Twiglets
Peek Frean's TWIGLETS
A SAVOURY SPECIALITY
Made by PEEK FREAN—*makers of famous biscuits*

Housewives use REGAL
Use Regal diluted for all milk purposes or *straight from the tin* as cream with fruits—fresh, bottled or canned. Improves all milk puddings, custards, creamed soups, trifles, etc. Delicious with breakfast cereals, excellent in tea or coffee.
ENGLISH
FULL CREAM
REGAL
UNSWEETENED EVAPORATED
MILK
. . the milk you can use as cream
★ *During any shortage of canned condensed milk, supplies of Regal and Lacta may not be available in all areas.*
WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD · TROWBRIDGE · WILTS · MAKERS OF 'LACTA' PRODUCTS

Tobacco at Its Best

12 YEARS TO COMPILE—NOW READY

YOURS FOR 7 DAYS' FREE EXAMINATION



150,000 REFERENCES. 1,504 PAGES.
21 SUPPLEMENTARY SECTIONS.

INDISPENSABLE FOR
HOME SCHOOL OFFICE CROSSWORDS

HERE is your opportunity to examine this great New Reference Dictionary in your own home. It is absolutely up-to-date. Every word in our language has been carefully scrutinised, and the definitions re-drafted and revised where necessary in the light of modern usage. Full pronunciations are given. **In addition, there are 190 pages comprising 21 self-contained reference sections chosen for their all-round usefulness. This information is not available elsewhere in such compact form.** The New Imperial Reference Dictionary will be sent carriage paid for you to study at leisure. No cost—No obligation. POST COUPON NOW!

Thumb Indexed *for Instant Reference*

- Overlapping Bevelled Binding protects pages
- Silk Head and Tail-bands give added strength
- Stained Top and Edges preserve pages from finger-marks
- Decorative Spine in Real Gold for Elegance
- De Luxe Binding in Rich Red Moroquette

FREE!
"A MANUAL OF GOOD ENGLISH"
(*value* 10/6)
This 318-page volume is presented to every purchaser of *The New Imperial Reference Dictionary*. The ideal book for all who want to read, write and speak correctly.
POST NOW

To GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 66-69, Great Queen St., London, W.C.2.
Please send me THE NEW IMPERIAL REFERENCE DICTIONARY. It is understood that I may return the work within eight days. If I keep it I will send a first payment of 10s. eight days after delivery, and 10s. monthly thereafter, until £3 7s. 6d. has been paid. Cash price within eight days is £3 3s. 0d.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....
OCCUPATION.....
YOUR SIGNATURE.....
(Or your Parent's Signature if under 21) **DICT 47**

Place x where it applies

Householder	
Tenant	
Living with parents	
Lodging Address	

OCTOBER 17, 1953 VOL. 94 NO. 2468 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Husbands in shops—by a wife

WHEN we go shopping my husband annoys me by his reluctance to examine a wide range of goods before making a purchase. My married sister makes just the same complaint, so I am beginning to think that women are much the more sensible shoppers.

My husband will rarely state straightforwardly that he can find nothing suitable in the shop. Sometimes he makes lame excuses about coming back later. Usually he buys something that he does not really want. Choosing ties is his greatest difficulty. In his wardrobe there is a row of ties which he bought through weakness and has never worn. In one type of shopping alone does he display his normal powers of discrimination and decision—he is very fussy when choosing seeds, plants or tools for the garden.—MRS. L. M., Nottingham.

Blazing Eyes

THE letter about the girl who helped the night-watchman over his own piece of road ("Free Speech," September 26) reminded me of the foggy morning when I saw an old gentleman with a white stick hesitating at a busy crossing. I went up to him, took his arm and said: "May I see you across the road?" As I spoke, the "blind" man turned to face me, and I found myself gazing into the blazing blue eyes of a real pukka - sahib Poona - colonel type. "Dammit, woman, I can still cross a road under my own steam," he roared. It was *my* eyes which needed the attention. What I had thought was a white stick turned out to be a smart malacca cane. — MISS S. C., Lancashire.

Figures Of Speech

I HAVE often noticed that long-married couples never seem to have anything to say to each other when they are together in public. A married friend to whom I mentioned this laughed and said: "My husband

and I decided a long time ago that we would always look as if we were enjoying ourselves when we were out together. If I feel one of those silences coming, I put on an interested expression and say: 'One, two, three, four, five.' My husband replies: 'Six, seven, eight, nine, ten.' That at least starts us laughing, and we soon find something to talk about."—MISS A., Liverpool.

Operation Hornblower

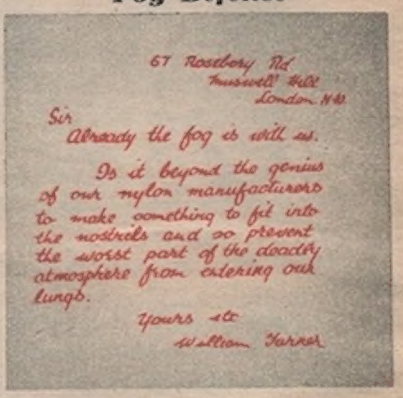
FANS of C. S. Forester's Captain Hornblower, the hero of JOHN BULL'S current serial, may be interested to learn that Sir Winston Churchill is among their number. In his book of memoirs, *The Second World War*, he writes: "Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of State in Cairo, had given me *Captain Hornblower, R.N.*, which I found vastly entertaining. When a chance came I sent him a message, 'I find *Hornblower* admirable.' This caused perturbation in the Middle East Headquarters, where it was imagined that Hornblower was the code-word for some special operation of which they had not been told."—W. M., Reading, Berkshire.

This week's instalment of "Hornblower Of The Atropos" begins on page 25.

Horse Sense

ONE day our milkman arrived with a van instead of his normal horse and float; he was half an hour behind time. When I asked him what had caused the delay, he explained that he had to keep going back to the van and moving it up the road. This waste of time is saved when he has the float. The horse knows the stops and moves on alone to the next house.—H. HILL, Littleborough, Lancashire.

Fog Defence



67 Rosebery Rd
Muswell Hill
London N10

Sir
Already the fog is still us.

Is it beyond the genius of our nylon manufacturers to make something to fit into the nostrels and so prevent the worst part of the deadly atmosphere from entering our lungs.

Yours etc
William Harper

This Man Harding

PART one of Gilbert Harding's life story, "'Along My Line," awoke many memories for me—I was a dining-hall maid at the Royal Orphanage, Wolverhampton, while he was a pupil there. I wonder if he was one of the boys who used to come up and say: "Bags I a crust." He refers to prep lasting to "biscuit time"; we used to put the biscuit basket outside the dormitories so that the boys could help themselves. One person he did not mention was the old seamstress, the junior boys' nightmare. — MRS. E. P., Staffordshire.

Gilbert Harding says: The seamstress—we called her Mother Moll—was a tall old lady with a bun, and a fierce manner which frightened the smaller boys. But in time they got to know that she had a heart of gold under her tight whale-bone bodice. She gave away slabs of rich cake, chocolate and sticky caramels.

. . . A few good hidings from his Grandfather King would have done Harding a world of good. — F. HARRISON, St. Helens, Lancashire.

. . . Harding is a man after my own heart. More power to his tongue—I wish there were more like him.—MRS. G. CAMPBELL, Strathlachlan, Argyll.

. . . Gilbert Harding is rude, big-headed and often exasperating. —F. HARTLEY, Sheffield, 3.

. . . He is rudeness on a pedestal.—J. C., Runcorn, Cheshire.

. . . His story shows that, like most of us, he has faced the trials and terrors of hardship, poverty and ignorance. Bless him, the man gives me the incentive to smile and fight on.—GEORGE BURNS, Glasgow.

Part four of "Along My Line" begins on page 14.

Strange Requests

AS a clergyman, I have had some strange requests for testimonials ("Free Speech," September 26). One came from a young lady of twenty whom I had never seen before. When I told her that I could not help, she drew from her handbag a bundle of

earlier testimonials—one was from her former headmistress—and said: "I thought you would be able to make one up from these." Two brothers whom I had expelled from a youth club for theft applied for admission to a school. They asked me to sign a form vouching for their "honesty, uprightness and integrity." People should realize that the giving of testimonials is a serious responsibility which involves the writer's reputation.—R. W. C., B.A.O.R., Germany.

. . . When asked for a testimonial by someone who is practically unknown to him, our minister writes a glowing account of the person's character, and concludes: "This is a summary of Mr. Blank's statement of his capabilities. If he is as good a man as he says he is, I strongly recommend him for the position."—A. M., Belfast.

A fascinating record of primitive jungle life

AMAZON HEADHUNTERS

by LEWIS COTLOW

Begins in John Bull next week
See page 16

Sign At Seven

WHEN I opened a Savings Bank account for my daughter, I was told that, as she is seven, I have no authority to sign for her. I am much amused by this regulation—my daughter's signature is a work of art, with upside-down Ns and back-to-front Js—but I can see no point in it. Is it to prevent parents from drawing on money which they have often given the child themselves? If I was hard up and had to rob my daughter, I could just take a knife to her piggy-bank.—Mrs. S. D. S., Dundee.

This proviso, which is embedded in Savings Bank law, enables children to have workable banking facilities at the earliest possible age, and safeguards their money from misapplication, states an official of the Trustee Savings Banks Association.

Lantern Jingle

MY photograph shows my son ready to join the German children in a September lantern parade of the kind described in "Free Speech" by Mrs. Bristow. He used to sing a jingle which began "Laterne, laterne, die Sonne, Mond und Sterne." Freely translated, it runs something like this:

Lantern, O lantern,
Sun, Moon and Stars.
Burn up, my light!
Burn up, my light!
But don't burn
My dear little lantern.

—Mrs. V. B. St. J., Watford, Hertfordshire.

. . . In Ireland we held lantern processions on Harvest Thanksgiving nights. Our lanterns were hollowed-out swedes and turnips, carved with weird faces. During the service they were left in the lych-gate to hold off "Jamie Blight" until the harvest was blessed. Later they were made into soup which the family ate to ensure prosperity.—T. T., Taunton, Somerset.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

to every young newly-wed

SO *MANY* washing powders to choose from! How are *you*—a young wife just starting up house—to choose the *best?* (One that will keep your hands looking nice, too!)

We invite you to do this test—it'll solve your problem!

Take two equally soiled whites. Boil one for 10 minutes in Persil, *the other in any other washing powder you choose. One article will come up whiter than the other—much whiter!* YOU'LL FIND IT WILL BE THE PERSIL ONE!

***DO* TAKE CARE OF YOUR HANDS AND NAILS**

Women are now having second thoughts about using washing powders that are harsh to their hands and hard on their nails. Persil is always kind to your hands—you can *feel* it is!

PERSIL washes whiter!

—and that means CLEANER!

PER 1283-1230

"Walters' Palm" REGD. TOFFEE

The Perfection of Confections

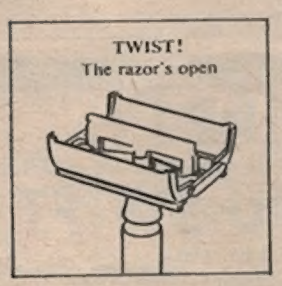
FIRE!
GENII GALORE IN EVERY
NU-SWIFT!

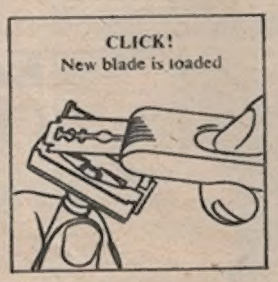
Sealed pressure charges explain the speed, reliability and efficiency of Nu-Swift Fire Extinguishers. Strike the knob—the genii instantly leap out to slay your fire!

NU-SWIFT LTD · ELLAND · YORKS
In Every Ship of the Royal Navy

Quick-action razor with quick-feed
Blue Gillette Dispenser

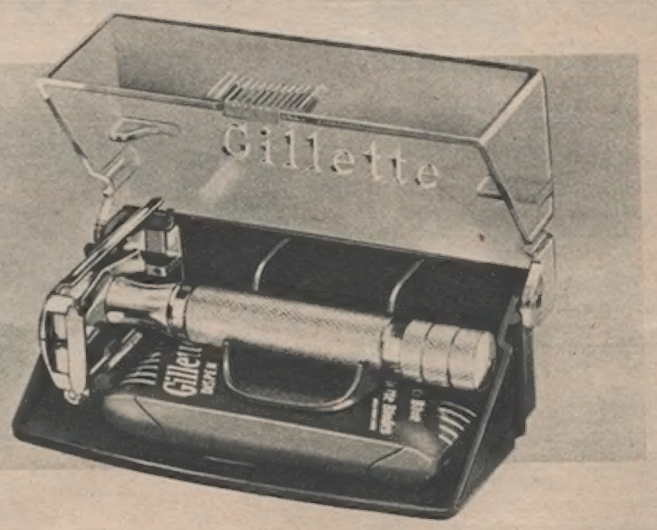
The most modern shaving development! Quick-action Gillette razor with quick-feed Blue Gillette Dispenser, that's Superspeed shaving. Twist—the razor's open, a new blade in a flash from the quick-feed Dispenser, twist—the razor's closed ready for a fast smooth shave. And to end the old blade nuisance, the Gillette Dispenser has a built-in container for used blades. Double-edged for double-life Blue Gillette blades teamed with their own precision made razor give you the world's finest shaving. Start Super-speed shaving today with a Gillette 'Rocket' Set.





The Gillette 'Rocket' Set
8/6 value for 6/6

Here's the chance of a lifetime to take up the world's smoothest, fastest shaving system. Quick-action one-piece Gillette Razor. Quick-feed Dispenser with six Blue Gillette Blades with used blade container. Compact moulded case with transparent lid. All this for only 6/6d.



Gillette *Superspeed Shaving*

Odette and I are betrayed

by Captain PETER CHURCHILL

Captain Churchill told in John Bull's exclusive Supplement last week how he met Odette, his future wife, in enemy-occupied France. Now, he tells the moving sequel—the exciting story of their capture. In his narrative, Churchill uses his secret code name of Michel; Odette is Lise

THROUGH THE MISTY DAWN of March 24, 1943, Paul and Michel were whisked off by car to London from the airfield. They had breakfast on the way, for they were hungry after their night flight from the lonely field in German-occupied France. The car drew up outside Orchard Court at about nine o'clock. There, Michel learned that his fighter-pilot brother had been dead for seven months—killed in action on the day he himself had first entered Cannes as a leader of the French Resistance movement.

He could hardly recognize his mother, who was stricken with grief; her third son had been absent, operating with the Italian partisans, for a year. It worried Michel that he must leave her like that when he returned to France.

His determination to go back was now no longer anything but a confused part of his numbed senses, and he shuffled through the motions leading up to his return like an automaton. His excellent physical condition was such that no one realized at H.Q. that they were talking to an empty shell—like that of a locust, still flying with the swarm though its inside was eaten away by insects, and which would suddenly crumble and drop. It was therefore not their fault that they did not keep him in England and instruct his friends in France to make a clean break and go into hiding.

In the meantime, the information that he did receive was not very encouraging. Marsac and Suzanne, two of his colleagues in France, had been captured in Paris soon after their return from Estrees St. Denis; fortunately Roger had got clear and made his way to St. Jorioz.

One day Michel was called to the office and Major B. passed a decoded telegram across the table, saying to him ominously: "Have a look at that."

Michel read: From Lise stop Abwehr officer by name Henri contacted me St. Jorioz suggested if you provide Hudson he will release Marsac and Suzanne with me and then discuss means of ending war stop ends

"Phew!" went Michel.

"What do you think of it?" asked his chief.

"I think it means that Marsac gave Lise's address, and that Henri is hoping to earn a *Ritterkreuz* by capturing a bomber, and that the whole thing is so dangerous it should not be touched with a barge-pole. I think Lise should be told to buzz off to the other side of the lake and Arnaud to leave Faverges and stay up at at Les Tissots beside his set."

"That's just about how it strikes me," said

He spoke only at the very last moment. "Hallo, Lise," he said quite softly. With an ecstatic cry she swung round and caught sight of him

ILLUSTRATION BY FANCETT

Peter Churchill has breakfast with his godchild Martine, Jean Cottet's daughter. In the background, immediately above his head, is the mountain peak where he landed by parachute

Major B. "You know, Michel," he went on, "there's absolutely no need for you to go back and clear this up. We can have Lise and Arnaud picked up by Lysander and you can eventually start another circuit elsewhere, or have a home posting."

"I want to go back. Now that the Glieres men have been armed I should like to join them and end the war with a gun in my hands."

"Well, it's up to you, Michel. I think there's still time for you to catch the April moon. Any particular preference of landing ground?"

"Let Lise and Arnaud decide. I'm not fussy."

Major B. sent out the following message: Henri highly dangerous stop you are to hide across lake and cut contacts with all save Arnaud who must quit Faverges and live beside his mountain set stop fix dropping ground your own choice for Michel who will land anywhere soonest stop ends.

Twenty-four hours later came the reply: Studying Semnoz Annecy P 14 stand by all night special sked.

Spot Was 5,500 Feet Up

On the following day Major B. announced that a 3 a.m. message had confirmed the spot and that the B.B.C. message had been sent, plus the news that five containers would be dropped as well. Then, pulling out Michelin Map No. 92, they had a look at it together. The co-ordinates indicated that they had chosen a spot starred for its beautiful all-round views. Beside it was the figure 1704, showing that its altitude was more than 5,500 feet. This was something like a slap in the face; it brought Michel out of his groggy condition to survey this staggering picture of reality. "Struth!" he said, rubbing his face with one hand, "they certainly took you at your word when you said I'd land anywhere."

As the moon period had only three days to run, Michel was driven out to Station 61 forthwith. There was no waiting this time, and he was whisked off to the Halifax bays before any boredom could set in with its attendant nervousness. At the briefing hut he was introduced to the navigator, whose greying curly hair, rows of decorations and dilapidated blue battledress showed him to be an old stager.

"This mountain top," said the pilot, in the French of a Frenchman, tapping the spot with a pencil on a large-scale map. "There's nothing to it. I've dropped fifty-seven customers already, and if you go out when I give you the green light, I'll drop you on a sixpenny bit."

Michel smiled. "I'm glad someone's pleased about this whole thing."

He entered the aircraft and, after the usual take-off routine, they were airborne. It was 10.30 p.m. on April 15.

Forgot The Closing Net

On receipt of the message instructing them to find a dropping ground for their commanding officer's return, Lise and Arnaud put their heads together. Shaken by the speed of recent events —Marsac's surprising capture, the baffling visit from Henri, and strong suspicions of betrayal by Roger Bardet (Arnaud wanted to shoot him out of hand)—the two friends momentarily forgot that the net was closing in and concentrated on choosing Michel's landing ground.

Looking around them, they could see only mountains and the lake. They had better have him on a mountain top, well out of sight of the valley. What about the Semnoz, right behind the hotel? Jean Cottet, the proprietor, told them that there was an admirable hog's back at the top where there was a disused tourist hotel. The road marked Col de Leschaux would take them to the foot of their climb, which consisted of about 2,500 feet of rough going up a steep wooded slope. They could not miss it. . . .

Leaving at eleven o'clock in the morning, Lise and Arnaud set out on their reconnaissance. The first eleven kilometres up to the pass were easy enough. An inquiry then led them to their stony mountain path. Up they went. Presently they entered the snow-belt. In under two hours they came to a clearing, and there, nine hundred yards above them, lay the white outline of their goal.

It was indeed ideally suited for their purpose. The best position of the hog's back was a dome-shaped area close to the abandoned hotel. It measured about three hundred yards by eighty; the flattest part was roughly one hundred by eighty. They decided to guide the plane in with a huge bonfire instead of the usual torches. Gathering vast quantities of branches, they dragged them to a disused chalet. Then they pin-pointed their chosen spot for the fire and left all in readiness for the night when the B.B.C. message came through.

All this took some time, and they did not get back to the Hotel de la Poste until 11 p.m. that night.

Returned To His Hide-out

While Lise had a well-deserved sleep in her room, Arnaud cycled the sixteen kilometres to Faverges and then pushed his bicycle two thousand feet up the mountain road leading to his radio hide-out. It was thus only at three o'clock that he put through his message confirming the Semnoz as Michel's landing point. The girl who was his opposite number in the London Receiving Station immediately sent him the B.B.C. message: *"Le carabe d'or fait sa toilette de printemps."*

All Arnaud had to do now was to make his way to the Hotel de la Poste by 7 p.m. that day, tell Lise what the message was and himself listen on Jean Cottet's set to see if he was coming. But Arnaud distrusted all radio sets except his own, so he pushed the powerful transmitter into its suitcase and strapped it to the back of his bicycle. Then he attacked a hunk of bread and a piece of garlic sausage before taking a few hours' rest.

At 7 p.m. on the fifteenth he was already installed in one of the hotel bedrooms. At 7.30 came the daily announcement for which he was waiting. *"Voici maintenant quelques messages personels."*

In tense excitement, both hands delicately holding the dials, Arnaud listened. At this precise moment the German jamming apparatus came into play. With silent oaths Arnaud twisted the dials in a desperate attempt to get between the noise and the messages, but it was no good. He pulled off the earphones in disgust.

Only Lise Heard Message

Jean Cottet, likewise, stood baffled beside his twelve-valve receiver. He kept this set beside the hotel boiler in the basement so that none of his guests would know of his illegal practice of listening-in to London.

Lise was listening for the messages on the same portable set which had served her and Michel in Périgueux. She had plugged it into the lamp standard in her room. In spite of the jamming, her sharp ears picked up the message.

Imagining that if she could hear it Arnaud must also have done so, she spent a moment getting herself ready for the climb before going downstairs.

In the bar she found Arnaud and Jean celebrating the fact that they did not have to climb the Semnoz a second time two days running. "Why aren't you ready?" she said impatiently.

"Ready for what?" asked Arnaud.

"He's coming! Didn't you hear the message?" she said, getting annoyed.

Two blank faces looked at her. Then Arnaud said, in a rather superior tone of voice: "If the message had passed I should have heard it."

"Well, it did pass, and it was repeated. I heard it both times, and on each occasion they said *'le scarabe'* instead of *'le carabe.'*."

"You're imagining things, Lise," said Arnaud, none the less shaken that she should have noticed the error of entomology—a subject

It was down this staircase at the Hotel de la Poste that Peter and Odette were marched to captivity by German and Italian police

In Faverges, Peter meets old friends—Milleau, Madame Favre, Madame Milleau, Monsieur Favre. He and Odette had to cut contact with them as the net closed

which, like radio, he considered his private domain. Lise replied sharply: "Well, I don't know what *you're* doing, but I'm off!"

"Just a moment," said Jean. "Since time is so important I'll take you as far as the Col de Leschaux in the car; that will save you an eleven-kilometre walk."

"I'll come too," said Simone, Jean Cottet's wife.

"*Chic!*" exclaimed Lise with delight. "And thanks, Jean. Let's hurry and get ready."

Jean ran down to the garage and began to light up the stove in his charcoal-burning Ford V8. It had lain there so long, unused, that it proved a slow and difficult performance to instil the damp motor with the spark of life. At last some splutterings announced that the little flame of hope had filtered through the pipe from the stern-burner; with wild jabs on the accelerator, Jean soon had the garage full of blue smoke and throaty sounds.

It was 8.20 before the party—all wearing studded boots and heavy sweaters—took to the road. Realizing that the charcoal-gas device on his car reduced its power by a third, Jean decided on the easier gradient of Road 512. Consequently, he drove them towards Annecy with a view to picking it up at le Cret, four kilometres away. But a few hundred yards of the slight gradient of Road 512 were enough for the engine. It petered out, and no amount of coaxing would bring it back to life.

By the time they had given up hope of doing the twelve kilometres to the Col de Leschaux in ease and comfort, it was getting on for 9 p.m. At 10.30, when Michel was being airborne in the Halifax, they still had three kilometres to go before starting their two thousand feet climb to the dropping point.

On leaving the road for the stony path, they wasted more time in the sleeping village of Leschaux looking for the gap in the houses where the track began. Jean Cottet finally led them to it and the stiff climb began. Owing to the blackness of the night—the moon was rising on the far side of the mountain—they could not even see the tracks they had previously left in the snow.

A near panic seized the climbers. Should they go back? Should they go on? Pointing up to the left, Arnaud said, with his customary assurance: "I swear there's a short cut to the top if we climb up that way."

Looking in that direction, Lise, depending on instinct rather than on her somewhat hazy bump of direction, said: "Never! That's simply miles off our line!"

"What do you say, Jean?" asked Arnaud, turning to Cottet, who lived in the district.

"I confess I don't know," said he.

"Look!" said Lise, pointing to a telegraph pole. "I remember that those poles go straight up the side of the mountain and end on the top. Why, there's even one by the very spot we chose for Michel to land on. Don't you remember, Arnaud?"

"I seem to remember the one at the top, but frankly I don't connect the rest with it."

As this statement was the closest to an admission that Arnaud had ever made, it was now child's play for Lise to persuade her friends that by following these poles they would reach their goal by the surest and swiftest route.

Listened For The Plane

At midnight they stopped for a few seconds, soaked in sweat, to catch their breath and listen for the possible sounds of a distant bomber. They could hear nothing but the pounding of their hearts. At 12.30 and at 1 a.m. they repeated this process, with identical results.

By now the pace was too hot for Simone, and after assuring her husband that she would find the way by the telegraph poles, she fell behind.

Arnaud was the next to lose heart. Turning to Lise in the snow, he gasped: "This is hopeless. Are you sure you heard that message, Lise?"

"Of course I did," she replied.

"We'll never get to the top in time."

"Come on, Arnaud! Don't waste your breath. We'll get there all right. Besides, we've got G.M.T. on our side."

On they climbed, their ears pounding with the strain and the altitude. It was nearly half-past one when Arnaud heard Lise's triumphant voice just ahead of him crying: "Look, Arnaud! Look!"

Coming up, he saw that the long forest belt was over, and in front, rising steeply before them, lay the snow-clad hog's back—a mere nine hundred yards away. The rising moon lit the silvery crest, casting its rays beyond and on to the tops of the pines under which they now stood.

The three friends scrambled up the last slippery stretch with only one aim in view—to get those branches out of the chalet in double-quick time. As the red specks of strain burned her sore eyes, Lise prayed: "Oh, God, let me get there before the plane."

Buoyed up by the vision of their goal, they accomplished the final spurt and mounted the rise abreast.

And now the exhausted climbers dashed for the hut and snatched up armfuls of branches, staggering out and piling them on a foundation of straw in the centre of their little pitch.

The giant bonfire was no sooner ready than Lise flopped down panting beside it in the snow. Pulling out a match, with the open bottle of petrol stuck in the snow between his feet, Arnaud glanced at his companion's fragile form beside him. Never had he admired her so profoundly.

What was that sound in the distance? He peered into the northern sky and listened hard. Were his wishful ears playing him another trick? Jean Cottet was now kneeling beside Lise, holding up her head and making her drink brandy from his flask. In the deathly stillness their black shapes stood out vividly against the moonlit snow. Lucky Michel, thought Arnaud.

Yes! It was an aircraft all right. "Here it comes!" he cried, smashing the petrol bottle over the branches. Striking his match, he threw it in while the sulphur still sizzled. With a small explosion the mighty fire caught light.

While Jean moved away, looking for his wife, Lise and Arnaud stood side by side watching the thirty-ton bomber come in towards them. Every now and then he squeezed her affectionately with the arm he placed around her shoulder. It

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KEMP

ILLUSTRATION BY FANCETT

Odette led the police to Michel's room. "You are Captain Peter Churchill, saboteur and filthy spy," said the Gestapo man. "Put up your hands!"

was then that he decided to stand back and let her receive Michel first.

And here it came, cutting across the hog's back diagonally. Now it was almost straight above them. With mouths wide open they anticipated the great moment; but nothing dropped from the aircraft's belly as it flashed over their heads. The Halifax flew off on a slow turn to port.

"Oh, God!" said Lise. "I can't bear it. After all this sweat, they're taking him home again."

"Don't be a chump," said Arnaud. "You can see this fire for a hundred miles except in the valley. They're only turning round to come in along the length of the hog's back. Don't forget, they've got six chutes to drop."

Lying on his stomach in the glass nose of the four-engined bomber, Colonel Philippe Livry-Level, the French navigator, suddenly spotted the fire. Speaking over the inter-com, he announced: "Bonfire ahead. . . . Action stations!"

The dispatcher pulled away the two hemispherical boards covering the dropping hole, over which he switched on a maroon bulb. Groping his way carefully past the hole in the dim-lit fuselage, he tapped Michel on the shoulder and led him to the hole.

Michel sat down on the ledge, with his back to the engines. The red warning light came on. The usual panic fear swept down from his mind and gripped his entrails in a vice. Here it was again! He knew it all. . . . When the light turned green, the hand that would simultaneously flash down beside his face would be the hand of destiny, and the voice that shouted "Scram!" would be the voice of doom. If he did not go out at that precise second, he knew very well that he would land on the wrong Alp. Gritting his teeth, he waited for it.

As the red light gave way to green, he was halfway down the chute before the dispatcher's shout died down. Closing his eyes and putting up his hand beside his face to keep the wind from snatching off his glasses, he was thrown back horizontally by the slip-stream. A violent jerk in his groin and below his armpits told him the chute was safely open.

He had swung round and was now facing the departing aircraft. Now, one by one, the five other parachutes flapped open and hung, staggered, within a short space above his head.

From his right came the full brilliance of a five-eighths moon shining out of a peerless sky, and all around him lay the majestic scenery of the Alps cloaked in silvery snow. It was a sight he would never forget. But, knowing that the drop would take only fourteen seconds, he grudgingly looked away to see what lay below.

Falling Straight Into Fire

It was at this moment that he remembered the navigator's words: "I'll drop you on a sixpenny bit . . ." and fully understood them. He was falling straight into the fire.

A swift pull on the forward set of nylon cords billowed out some air and made him move backwards. Now, below him, he saw two figures standing by the fire. The larger of the two then began running towards the second chute, probably thinking it was he.

Michel was glad of this move, because it meant he would be dropping very close to the smaller form, which was peering anxiously into the sky. As he came closer he saw that he was coming down straight on to her head. At the same time the air currents caught and filled his parachute so that his speed of descent was checked to about six miles an hour.

It seemed, as he got lower, that he was no longer moving at all. But as he hovered over Lise's head, reaching down with his feet, as though this might speed things up, he refrained from saying anything to the upturned face that still did not see him.

Only at the very last moment did he speak. "Hallo, Lise," he said, quite softly. "If you'll take a step backwards, I shan't land on your head."

With an ecstatic cry, Lise swung round and caught sight of him. She reached out her arms as though to catch him. Michel glided down, landing on his feet in the soft snow before her. He did not even have to bend his knees to take the shock.

As they embraced each other at this crowning moment of their lives, the silk canopy fell lifeless on to the snow and, in the crackling of the fire, he heard her sweet voice repeating his name in tones that told him everything a man could ever wish to hear.

A huge form now came running up into the firelight calling out "*Sacré Michel!*" As he tore off his rubber helmet, Arnaud hugged him in a bear's grip, burying his face in his neck. With an arm round his two companions, Michel smiled speechlessly from one to the other of these two beloved faces.

Presently they were joined by the Cottets, and then the united party forgot their fatigue and

Continued on page 32

NIGHT OF INNOCENCE

by ***ALAN JENKINS***

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

I was only sixteen, and painfully in love. But Sylvia never gave me a chance. When the night of her party came, I was desperate

IN THE SPRING of 1950 I had pneumonia. It was a longish affair: my wartime fevers—malaria, dengue, sandfly—had left my lungs a bit rough, and Purcell, my doctor, told me to take a holiday when it was over. If I'd had any sense, I'd have gone on a cruise. It would have been easy enough: I own eight rather dirty cargo boats, and two of them were going up the Amazon as far as Manaos. But there was something else I wanted to do.

A serious illness clears a lot of rubbish from your mind. It also makes you remember things. Not things that happened yesterday, or even a year ago. You lie there helpless, the crisis past, being fussed over. You're a child again—and you remember childhood. You remember it with such burning vividness that you're almost afraid of getting well for fear of losing it again.

Some people write a book about it. But I'm not a writer, and I've never quite trusted memory: imagination plays too many tricks with it. I wanted to reach out a hand and grasp something solid. With every fibre of my being, I wanted to go back to a very ordinary seaside place called Northgate Bay, where I was born.

I told Purcell this, as I'd told him so much about myself.

"A fairly normal symptom of approaching middle age," he smiled. "Seriously, though—while you're about it, why don't you take a house down there?"

"I'd never have time to go to it," I said.

"Make time," Purcell said.

I laughed. "You don't know the shipping business."

"No, but I know your inside pretty well by now," he said calmly. "And it's going to give you some more trouble if you don't relax and get out of London more."

"Are you trying to frighten me?"

"Yes," he smiled.

"I'll think about it."

What annoyed me was that he'd got the idea I'd been playing with ever since my temperature came down. He'd blundered into my convalescent dream-world and made it seem prosaic and sensible.

But there was still one secret I guarded. Only *I* knew what I was going to look for when I got to Northgate Bay.

I drove down one Friday afternoon and took a room at the Ship Tavern for three weeks. That evening I sat on my balcony and looked down the Marine Parade towards a yellow sunset. I felt weak, bored, restless, contented, sleepy and excited, all at once.

Nothing ever changed in Northgate Bay. It looked smaller, wearier, and there were hardly any young people about; but it took me back

I felt sick and hopeless. *You're so beautiful,* I wanted to whisper to her . . . but I couldn't. Somehow, I had to get her away from the party

fifteen years in half a minute. White sails in a listing line opposite the Yacht Club; the rich stink of seaweed under the pier; the bandstand where no bands played; the bow-fronted boarding houses with "Reasonable Terms" on them, dulled by salt gales and needing a coat of paint; the Undercliff Drive along the coast; ice-cream parlours and broken breakwaters; Mums and Nannies, cheeping children, winding home to supper and bed.

I was in no hurry. The first night I sat in the saloon bar of the Ship till closing time, and went to bed. Next morning dawned fair and fresh. After breakfast—straining a bit, for my legs were still papery—I climbed up the Downs to Undercliff Drive, to where the woods began. I stopped a few seconds for breath, and went on until I came to the house called Ballards.

When I came to the high wrought-iron gates, I pulled up with a shock of disappointment. The gates were shut and padlocked. The house was empty and for sale: "Begbie, Son, and Wilshaw, Estate Agents."

Had I been fitter, I would have climbed the gates and trespassed. Instead, I stood there, peering through the rusty bars, trying to see what I knew I couldn't see, because the house itself was in the way. I looked up at the notice and the obvious idea came into my mind: I went back to the town and called on Begbie, Son, and Wilshaw.

After lunch I was driven up to Ballards by Mr. Edwin Wilshaw, who appeared to be the junior partner. He was clearly so anxious to get rid of the house, which was several sizes too large for most of his clients, that he never stopped talking. I wasn't even listening to his sales talk. I let him take me through the house, and then I said: "May I see the garden?"

Yes, it was still there, the thing I had come to see. We walked right up to it.

"Mr. Wilshaw," I said. "May I wander round the garden by myself for a little while? I'll meet you here in a quarter of an hour."

He wasn't as put out as I expected. "Certainly, certainly," he said. "I quite understand." He went back into the house.

How could I explain to him that I had come here to look at a tree?

I put out my hand and touched it. I shut my eyes and remembered.

THE tree was an enormous copper beech; one of four beeches that rose and mingled their branches overhead like a cathedral roof. It had been *our* tree, Sylvia's and mine. Sylvia was ten, I was eleven.

We chose the tree because it was older than the others, with more fantastic roots, more clefts and knots in its aged bark. Roots to sit on, knots to touch and wonder at, clefts to hide things in. The tree was our headquarters, our meeting place, the centre of all our games. A magical tree, a sanctuary, a Tom Tiddler's ground. No harm could befall us when we stood under it. We left messages in its crevices, buried small possessions in tobacco tins in the leaf mould round about it. And once we carved our initials on its cold grey bole: A P and S D.

I do not know why we did this, though it certainly had something to do with the Red Hand Gang, of which we were the leaders and only members. The objects of the gang were quite simple: we stole things—coins and cigarettes and bits of food—and hid them sinisterly in tins.

In those days I didn't really like Sylvia very much. She was the only kid of my age to play with, and our parents went to tea with each other sometimes. That was all there was to Sylvia as far as I was concerned.

But five years later I came home from school in the Easter holidays and fell violently in love with her.

That was a frightening thing. Only yesterday, it seemed, I had been ordering her about, making her play my games, despising her a little because she wasn't a boy. Now I waited for her at her garden gate, blued all my pocket money taking her to the pictures, borrowed my father's car to take her for rides in the country. I felt sick in my stomach when I saw her in the distance, riding a bicycle in a thin cotton dress. That was when I learned that pain and joy and being alive are all the same thing.

To me, Sylvia was an entirely new and mesmerizing personality in my life. But to her, I was just a taller and more gangling version of the boy who had played with her by the tree five years ago.

"Let's go for a swim," she would say, coolly, brightly. Or, worse, "Let's all go for a swim," meaning Dan Freeman and Betty Rush, and all the teenage kids we knew and met for ice-creams and went to shilling dances on the pier with. Sylvia didn't seem to care whether she was alone with me or not. When I tried to kiss her, she wriggled away: "Oh, shut up." She began flirting with other boys, just to make me mad. She made me mad all right.

I have never felt so small, helpless, young and unhappy. It is a terrible thing to be only sixteen. It went on all through the summer, until September 22.

SEPTEMBER 22 was Sylvia's sixteenth birthday, and she gave a party. It was very much a teenage party: cold supper with claret-cup, dancing to the gramophone, and midnight bathing. I mortgaged six weeks' pocket money and bought her a bottle of scent.

Sylvia had four main boy friends by now: Dan Freeman, of course, and Ronald Trent, whose father had the big scrap metal business in Forchester; a Belgian student called De Wavre, and a rather fat, muscular creature, older than any of us—at least eighteen—whose name I forget: all I remember of him is that he was a Territorial officer and kept talking about "my men."

I managed to dance with her twice. I tried desperately to say something brilliant, anything to make some impression on her. She had all the tricks; shaking back her hair, looking up at me, turning her head this way and that as she danced, never losing control of the others—Dan, De Wavre, Ronald and the Territorial. What paralysed my jaws? Why couldn't I force myself to say what I wanted to say: *Sylvia, you're so beautiful, so beautiful. . .?*

I thought wildly: something has got to happen. Somehow I have got to get her into the garden and kiss her. Dan Freeman, with eighteen months more age and wisdom than I, used to tell me: "Never ask for a kiss. Take it."

Had *he* kissed Sylvia? How many of them had kissed her? If I didn't kiss her tonight, life was going to defeat me for ever and ever, I knew it. Desperation gave me courage. But how, and where?

Sylvia herself gave me the answer. "My head's going round a bit," she said, in her hard little matter-of-fact voice. "I'd better go out and get some air."

"I'll come with you," I said. She didn't seem to hear. If anybody saw us go out, they gave no sign. We walked silently over the lawn. I took her hand, then her arm; she neither responded nor resisted. I guided her gently towards the tree—our tree.

"Are you feeling better now?" I asked stupidly.

"A bit."

Now—or never. I put my arms round her: her head drooped forward on to my shoulder. I touched her hair lightly, as if it would burn me, but it was very cool. I did not want her to know that I was trembling, so I put my hand roughly under her chin to force her mouth up to mine.

Suddenly, her head thrown back, she was kissing me; first with a childish violence, then more softly, more engrossed. At length she drew

It didn't matter to Sylvia that she'd forgotten

back; her hair fell across her face; she did not look at me.

"Let's go for a drive," I whispered unsteadily. "I've got a car."

"I can't leave everybody. It's my party. Besides, it's nearly twelve—we're going swimming."

"We'll go on ahead. The others'll follow."

My foot was on the accelerator: we shot along Undercliff Drive, riding high above the shore, headlamps cutting a golden tunnel in the night.

"You've gone too far." She dug her nails into my arm. "We're going to swim at the West Beach."

"The others are," I said, drunk with triumph. "We aren't. We're going to the Hundred Steps."

"Oh, *no*," she puckered her mouth. "You are an idiot."

HAND in hand, we walked down the Hundred Steps to the cove. The sea lapped the rocks tantalizingly. There was a quarter moon.

"We'll change in the car," I said.

"How? I haven't got a bathing dress. You didn't give me time to fetch one."

"Oh—oh, damn." For a second, the magic was threatened. But Sylvia said calmly: "Turn round." I obeyed.

A swish, a rustle, an impatient "damn" as she tore at a hook, and then: "It's all right now."

When I looked, she was already running

her bathing costume. "Turn round," she told me calmly. When I looked up, her dress was on a rock and she was racing down the sand towards the sea

across the wet sand; her party dress a pale froth on the rocks. I stripped down to my underpants and followed.

We swam out to the slippery raft, swam savagely in water cold as a million needles, shouting and gasping and laughing. Then we hauled ourselves on to it, clung to it as it rolled. Out at sea, the rhythmic gleam of a lightship; on shore, a prickle of lights from the town; far in the distance, the shouts and laughter of the rest of the party at West Beach, echoing over the water.

I turned and looked at Sylvia. Now we were utterly alone together; for these few minutes she was all mine. I didn't want to kiss her or even touch her. I was so intensely alive that I daren't move. In the weird moonlight her wet body shone lissom and ghostly phosphorescent; her shoulders rippled subtly as she panted to get her breath back. She was laughing silently, and then she put her cold little hand on mine and said huskily: "This is the most wonderful thing we've ever done."

"We" she said; not "I." Hope and exhilaration bounded inside me. In that moment I grew up, gained confidence, felt fear and doubt draining away. I knew now that happiness came in flashes, like this, and only rarely. That was important to learn. I also knew that this was something I was never going to forget all my life.

"Sylvia," I murmured.

Light glinted on her wet hair as she nodded and whispered something: I think it was "darling"—I shall never be sure.

We stayed like that for about ten minutes, just looking at each other. Suddenly she shivered: "I'm terribly cold."

We swam back to the shore, climbed the Hundred Steps. We dried ourselves turn by turn discreetly in the car—I had brought one big towel—dressed again, wringing out our wet underclothes. Then I threw a camel-hair motoring rug around her, and drove back to Ballards, her head, heavy with weariness, on my shoulder.

I PARKED the car in the woods. We tiptoed through the garden: the house was quiet, the downstairs lights were out. Sylvia's parents had gone to bed.

Under the tree that was our tree, we clung together again. A long time passed, and then we heard the voices of the others, returning from the shore.

Sylvia recovered her wits first. "I'll have to tell them something," she whispered. "I'll say I fainted and you threw water on me and that was how I got my hair wet and then you took me to a doctor and brought me back again." I marvelled at her speed of invention, wondering if anyone would believe it. She held my wrists imploringly: "Don't tell them. Promise."

I promised fervently.

"You'd better go now," she laughed softly. "You'll only give the show away if you stay."

I drove home, suffocated with triumph. I had lured Sylvia away from her own party, under the noses of my rivals. Life was going to be wonderful, I knew it for certain now.

There were other moonlight bathes, other secret meetings by the tree. Summer faded into autumn; I left school and went to London. Sylvia got engaged to someone else; the war came and blew us all to different corners of the earth; there were other girls in other places. I learned to cope with life, even to make money.

But I never again lived with such intensity as I did on Sylvia's sixteenth birthday. What was it I had known that night? Was it love? Ecstasy? Magic? Youth?

I never could tell until years later. The answer came pat as I stood again by the tree. It was none of the answers I expected. It was something you don't like when you've got it, something you can't get back when you've lost it: innocence.

Mr. Wilshaw's tactful tread sounded on the weedy path behind me.

"I see you're looking at those trees," he said warily.

I nodded.

"Too big for a garden this size," he said. "Of course, you could get a magnificent view of the sea if you cut 'em down."

"Really?"

"Take my advice: have 'em down. Mind you"—he cocked an eye at me—"some people are sentimental about trees."

"Yes," I said.

THE END

ALONG MY LINE (4) by Gilbert Harding

I become a schoolmaster – of sorts

Refereeing schoolboy football matches, dining on "bread and scrape"—Gilbert found the lot of a junior master hard. No wonder he took to drinking beer with the boys

AFTER THE TURMOIL of Cambridge—which I left with a history degree—I found life sober and tranquil among the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield, near Huddersfield, where I had been sent to prepare myself for ordination into the Church of England.

I went there in the autumn of 1928, a youth with moderate scholastic qualifications and without means. The life was very peaceful and semi-monastic. Each night we observed the Greater Silence: and I shall never forget the restful hush of peace that followed Compline last thing at night. My tendency to talk too much was quickly noticed. I was made to hang a text over my bed: "I will give heed unto my ways that I offend not with my tongue." I often think of that and try to carry it out—alas, with little success.

Life was pleasant and happy. We wore cassocks and did a certain amount of domestic work. Most of my fellow-students were from Leeds University. Since I was one of a minority from Cambridge, a certain amount of mild chaffing was inevitable. I found it rather bewildering to return to my cell one evening after Compline to find that everything—furniture, clothing, books—had been removed. Eventually I discovered the stuff hidden away. It was everybody else's turn, then, to be bewildered; because, although the Greater Silence had now begun, I insisted on dragging everything back again.

Bishop Put His Foot In It

While I was at Mirfield the hostel of the Resurrection was opened at Leeds, and I went along with everyone else to attend this very grand episcopal occasion. Dr. Burroughs, Bishop of Ripon, was an Oxford Low Churchman who did not find it possible to come to the ecclesiastical high jinks of the morning. These were performed by Bishop Frere of Truro. But the Bishop of Ripon was present during the afternoon. We all wore our hoods and gowns and, naturally, the green of Leeds predominated.

The Bishop of Ripon could not have made a more unfortunate speech. In the presence of the Vice-Chancellor and all the dignitaries of Leeds University, he said how glad he was to find respite in a university atmosphere from his exile in the north. Then, to my horror, he added—he did not merely imply, he *said*: "... but Leeds, like all provincial universities, cannot ever be more than a counterfeit of the real thing."

Before the stunned audience was able to recover from this insult, the Leeds Chancellor rose and, glaring at my Lord of Ripon, said he would as soon attempt to explain the glories of Leeds University as defend the British Constitution to a Hottentot. Harmony did not prevail. As we filed back to our cells and the Greater Silence, I considered myself very small Cambridge fry indeed, surrounded as I was by a hostile sea of Leeds green.

One of my great friends at the time was William Wright, known as "Father Bill." He was the extraordinarily hard-working and "dedicated" Anglo-Catholic vicar of St. Mary Magdalene, Sunderland—a slum parish heavily hit by unemployment on Tyneside. Most of his parishioners were wretchedly poor and so was he.

With Derick Sanders, a Cambridge friend, I used to go to Sunderland to help with the parish duties. One day I came to his small vicarage and found he had given away a pair of flannel trousers to someone who had nothing to wear. When I remonstrated with him, pointing out that he was probably left with only one pair himself, he quietly informed me that he had none at all. He was, in fact, wearing football shorts under his cassock.

Since I had two pairs of flannels, by Biblical precept I was forced by this saintly man to give away one pair of mine.

By this time I had been taught theology so well at Mirfield that I found myself obliged to carry their Anglo-Catholic teachings to their logical conclusion—and become a Roman Catholic.

And so I left Mirfield and was received into the Roman Catholic Church at the Benedictine Abbey of St. Michael the Archangel and All the Holy Angels at Belmont, near Hereford.

My next problem was to find a job. This was not at all easy. I got an interview with some gentlemen in the City who were looking for a

Gilbert Harding (front right) as a teacher at St. Andrew's Priory School, Edinburgh. His stay there was happy, but at other schools his frankness and unorthodox ideas brought him trouble

merchant apprentice for their business houses in Singapore and Shanghai. Nothing came of this. There was also a prospect of getting an executive post in a canning factory, but the people in charge would not have me. So I became what I had always vowed never to become—a teacher.

The Abbot of Belmont offered me a post as lay schoolmaster at the abbey. I taught in a gloomy, soulless room facing due north. Daylight was kept out by the bulk of the Abbey Tower, which at night racked my nerves with its incessant counterpoint of chimes. I used to have meals in the refectory and try to fit in with the monastic life.

My annual wage was £70. I was still worried about my Cambridge debts. One day I confessed most of these debts to one of the priests. He made me hand over my bills to him. Within a few days he passed them back, receipted, saying they had been paid by some "unknown Catholic of means." The sudden release after the torment of owing this money has made me sympathetic towards anyone burdened by debt.

Adjusting oneself to being in a monastery can be arduous for anyone. For someone of my temperament, it was near to impossible. After all, I was a layman, not a monk. I was twenty-two years old, restless, argumentative and full of strange, unresolved ideas and aspirations. I was also gregarious.

Made An Unholy Figure

Having spent my early years in this part of the world, I knew plenty of people and found myself frequently being asked to parties. On one occasion I was invited to attend a rather grand dinner party. That same afternoon I was invited to a less formal gathering of young friends and I had been out on the loose for several hours before I returned home—which in my case was the monastery—to change into hired tails.

My return was badly timed. It was, to begin with, a holy day. Everyone was expected to pay special attention to his devotions. I came hurrying in by the back stairs, in what was clearly a festive mood, just as the monks were lining up to go into Compline. Fifty grave, tonsured men gazed sorrowingly at this deplorable sight. They looked even more sad when, on returning from their chantings, they found that I had chosen that moment to make my departure, jauntily attired in an outfit which would have been more appropriate on a tap dancer.

I needed a change of air, and eventually I found myself teaching at a small Benedictine preparatory school at Edinburgh. My year in this beautiful city was extremely happy. I made many Scottish friends and had a wonderful time.

"Oh Dear!" Said The Queen

This did not prevent me from wagging my tongue in anger when provoked. I remember one instance which, to me, is typical of the false rumours and downright malicious lies that are always told about any celebrated—or notorious—person. It came to my notice after King George V and Queen Mary had attended a performance at the Edinburgh Masque Theatre of *The Admirable Crichton*. I knew the people who ran the theatre, and was happy enough to leave my seat in the front row of the circle when the management learned that the royal party was bigger than expected. I was, therefore, standing at the back of the dress circle when the King and Queen approached. Just then the orchestra leader, mistaking some signal, struck up the National Anthem too soon.

"Oh, dear!" I heard Queen Mary exclaim. "Are we too late, or are they too soon? I am sorry. Tell them that we shan't be a minute."

Their Majesties then ushered their party back and put the theatre manager at his ease, while the orchestra leader was instructed to start the anthem all over again when the King and Queen had been given a chance to get to their seats in the Royal Box.

Some days later, as I was having tea in an Edinburgh restaurant, I heard some silly woman discuss this incident with considerable embroidery. According to her, the Queen had been very angry and had said that the orchestra leader was clearly a fool. She went on to berate Her Majesty for being spiteful and ungenerous and virtually implied that English royalty had a "down" on all Scots, anyway.

No longer able to endure this malicious claptrap, I told the woman that the Queen had said nothing of the kind.

"How can you possibly know?" she retorted.

"Because I was there when it happened."

"How could you possibly have been there?" the virago said haughtily, and returned to her toasted bun.

I said no more.

Failed At The First Tee

Shortly after this I once again became afflicted with the wanderlust. Everything seemed to bore me. In an effort to appease my itching feet, I attempted to master the Scottish game of golf. In those days I had not yet understood that one of my major handicaps was lack of strong eyesight. Somehow, I just failed to be able to concentrate on the ball. After trying countless times to drive off from the first tee, only to make a frightful mess of every attempt, I was asked by the greenkeeper if I would be good enough to go and practise somewhere else.

It was just about this time that I met Father Bede Jarrett, a Dominican, who suggested that I should go west. At his request, the rector of St. Francis Xavier at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, came to Scotland to see me. After our first meeting he offered me the appointment, for a year's term, of Professor of English at the university there. A few weeks later I sailed for Canada in the old Duchess of Atholl.

Antigonish, which is now a large and flourishing university, was in those days finding its feet with some difficulty. The impact of Canada on my spirits was most stimulating. As we sailed up the St. Lawrence River to Montreal, passing under the Great Rock of Quebec, I felt a tingle of pleasure and excitement at being, for the first time in my life, in the New World.

In Search Of A Drink

I enjoyed every moment of the long train journey to Antigonish. It was an odd place to reach. On the last stretch there were only two trains a day either way. I caught the 1 a.m. from Halifax and finally found myself in a world apart. Antigonish was almost entirely a Roman Catholic town. The Bishop's Palace on the hill dominated everything, and the Gaelic words *Tigh Dhu* ("House of God") seemed portentously apt.

My chief annoyance while living in Nova Scotia was the local attitude to drink. I believe that it is still impossible in that province to buy any intoxicating liquor without first getting a permit. This entitles you to buy from a government liquor store one miserable bottle of spirits or twelve bottles of extremely weak beer. Drinking in public is out of the question except in beer parlours, where for ten cents a glass you can—if you are sitting down, and only if sitting—be served with tasteless frozen beer in a room which by law must have no decorations, no music and precious little talk.

I was thoroughly put out when I discovered that, furthermore, you must not drink in hotels, except from your own supply in the privacy of your room, and that if you were caught with an opened bottle in a car, for instance, you would be fined. After all, I was not a priest bound by laws of self-denial. I was a private individual with a right to live my life in my own way. Faraway Edinburgh, with its friendly bars and hotels, seemed to me a fair flower of civilization.

After a week or so, I thought I would go mad if I did not have a drink. So, with a new friend, "Chick" Chaisson, I drove nearly a hundred

"May the Peace of God be with you always," says the Latin inscription on this photograph Harding gave to his Cambridge landlady. He was twenty-one, and about to train for priesthood

Young Harding found a kind friend in the late G. K. Chesterton. "You're a great conversationalist, Gilbert," said Chesterton. "You let me do all the talking, which is as it should be"

miles to New Glasgow, where we engaged a hotel room and were able to buy four quarts of beer. We sat on the bed and drank the lot and then drove back again to dry-as-dust Antigonish.

I must say that I found the boys very backward. Some were scarcely literate. This so exasperated me that I wrote to ask the advice of Stephen Leacock, then a professor at McGill University, Montreal. The author of *Literary Lapses* sent me a typical reply:

My dear young friend, (1) Don't be impatient. (2) Try to make them want to learn. (3) Get them interested in a play and make them act it. (4) Be content if you can get them to write a single paragraph in good English. (5) Don't think too much of yourself. (6) Don't be impatient.

Admirable advice for any teacher; but very hard to carry out consistently.

What Price Sportsmanship?

I used to referee rugby football matches between our boys and other colleges in Nova Scotia. This soon initiated me into North America's peculiar attitude to sport. One was expected to win at any price, including the price of sportsmanship.

One day when I was refereeing a game between ourselves and a non-Catholic college, a player was injured and had to be carried off the field. I decided, according to my rights and to the rules of the game, that there had to be a "bounce-up" of the ball on the spot where the incident had occurred.

Someone on the other side took it upon himself to charge me with fixing the spot too near their goal. This was quite untrue. But at this point a ranting, raging parson rushed on to the field and began accusing me of Catholic bias, Papist cheating and general Romish corruption.

When I begged him to save his eloquence for his pulpit, his anger knew no words. After a minute of helpless spluttering, I was denounced as the son of the whore of Babylon, and several other choice expletives were spat into my face. And all over a schoolboy game! I was never able to like the almost fanatical way the players dedicated themselves to win. It all seemed so very silly.

They Prayed For Victory

On the night before one "needle" match I was horrified to find that the team was being "got at" in quite a spectacular way. Before a blazing camp fire, a pep talk was given by one of the priests. The lads were urged to pray for victory. Father McKenna, the rugger coach, then pitched in with three "Hail Marys" for victory on the morrow. I was not sorry when after all this misplaced fervour, the team did not win.

In 1931 I became one of the least spectacular victims of the financial crash. Before going to Canada I had borrowed £100 from my mother. After some time I got an advance of five hundred dollars. So I bought a draught for £100 which cost me exactly 486 dollars. Placing this in a stamped envelope, which I sealed, I went to the railway train which would take away my letters and bring the newspapers. So I posted my letter in a box on the train and went off to buy a newspaper. Glancing at the front page, I found that we had gone off the gold standard, which meant that if I had waited ten minutes for the papers to arrive I could have bought my £100 draft for 320 dollars instead of 486 dollars. I rushed back to the platform, but the train had gone.

Towards the end of my year's term as English professor at Antigonish I began to feel restless and jaded. The educational standard of my students did not seem to improve, and I found it more than ever difficult to teach them anything at all. Some of the lads were quite old, almost men in fact. So I occasionally gave them a drink from my precious stockpile of liquor when they came to read their essays in my room. This was, of course, frowned upon by the authorities, and was the cause of not infrequent bickering in the faculty room.

One day I received news from England that my mother was not in good health, and so, without protracted farewells on either side, I returned home.

My first task in England was teaching at a crammer's at Arundel, under the shadow of the great castle and church on the hill. I found cramming much better than teaching little boys in a school or adolescents in a university. At least the assumption is that the boys really want to learn to get through their exams as quickly as possible.

His First—And Last—Drive

In my spare time I was busy getting acquainted with the mechanics of my first and only motor car, an elderly Jowett. After a few spins around the countryside, during which it seemed that every other motorist was conspiring against me, I came to the conclusion that I had neither the manners nor the temper to drive a car, and I have never touched a steering wheel since.

I also became secretary of the Gray's Inn debating society in London, and this led to the renewal of my previous acquaintanceship with G. K. Chesterton. I had met him again briefly with Hilaire Belloc when I was teaching at Arundel. It had been one of those unsatisfactory meetings when there is so much you wish to say and yet nothing ever comes of it. Belloc, in any case, insisted on being very grand, remaining seated in the back of a limousine, "receiving."

I wish I had seen more of Chesterton during that period. But I was shy of making approaches to great men. So I have to be content and grateful to record a visit to lunch at Beaconsfield. We talked and drank happily through lunch and then, with some surprise, we suddenly discovered that it was 1 a.m. of the next day. During those twelve hours we had effectively contradicted ourselves scores of times on the subjects of God, poetry, capitalism and the Roman Catholic Church.

Chesterton's delightful gift of paradox was at its best and we laughed uproariously in the balmy Buckinghamshire air as we wandered through the garden, he talking, I listening, in defence of Christian morals and the glories of human faith. As he spoke, it seemed to me that the world became a rich and good place in which to live, and something of this magic has left its residue in my bones.

Praise From Chesterton

When at last I was preparing to take my leave from this hospitable man, I remember saying: "I'm afraid I talked to you an awful lot."

"Oh, no," replied Chesterton. "You are a wonderful conversationalist. You let me do all the talking, which is as it should be, young Gilbert."

One day I received a letter from the Cambridge University Appointments Board, recommending me to teach for the summer course at the École Franco-Britannique in the University of Clermont-Ferrand, not far from Vichy.

My only really painful recollection of that stay in central France is a mosquito sting just by the parting in my hair. The good and kindly physician to whom I went for treatment recommended peroxide in great quantities. "Just slosh it on," he said, airing his idiomatic English.

Unfortunately, this turned me into a blond. What with the sunshine and the peroxide, I became a piebald character with brown patches of hair at the front and back; all of which gave rise to considerable speculation and adverse comment.

After three months of sunshine in the Auvergne Mountains, of exploring extinct volcanoes, of listening to plaintive peasant music played on bagpipes, of tasting the wonderful cheese and the clean red wines of that warm soil, I went

Continued on page 34

Famous explorer-cameraman Lewis Cotlow uncovers a fascinating story of primitive life

AMAZON HEADHUNTERS

Explorer Lewis Cotlow with a Mato Grosso Indian

WHY DOES A MAN cut off another man's head, shrink it to the size of his fist, and then dance around it?

This startling question opens one of the most exciting stories of exploration ever written—*Amazon Headhunters* by Lewis Cotlow, a director of the famous Explorers' Club. It will appear, *in advance of book publication*, in JOHN BULL, starting next week.

To find and photograph the savage Jivaro headhunters, Cotlow made three long and hazardous trips into the wild upper reaches of the Amazon River. He visited the Colorados, the only true "Red" Indians on the American continent, and became a blood member of the tribe.

Shrunken head of an Amazon warrior

In the jungle home of Peruche he saw the dance of the *tsanta* feast, in which warriors lashed themselves into triumphant fury before their victim's shrunken head. Later, he watched the same men drug themselves and perform an even wilder dance before setting out to raid their enemies and steal their women.

Lewis Cotlow's story of these primitive people—vindictive, savage, yet so simple and even likeable—is fascinating reading. It is, of course, exclusive to JOHN BULL.

The first instalment of "Amazon Headhunters," illustrated with amazing photographs taken by the author, will appear in next week's issue. The only sure way of obtaining your copy is to . . .

ORDER IT IN ADVANCE

To Newsagent or Bookstall

Please deliver/reserve John Bull every week

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

A sports car is lifted carefully aboard. The stevedore's job is a dangerous one; insurance companies always charge high premiums—second only to mining

Jack Peggie (right) and one of his foremen discuss a problem. Once it was a temperamental St. Leger winner

A canny Scot fights the cruel sea —on dry land

by DON EVERITT

A badly loaded cargo means danger. So Jack Peggie stows everything with care—whether it's matches or motor cars

LATE IN DECEMBER, 1951, a passenger-cargo ship called at Antwerp on a regular run between Hamburg and New York. Into her No. 2 hold she loaded 1,271 tons of Rotterdam pig-iron, a cargo requiring careful stowage because it is liable to shift in a big sea. When the ship left Antwerp, the hold was loaded, as the captain said later, to his "entire satisfaction."

A few days out, the ship ran into freak Atlantic weather, the worst for twenty-two years. On Christmas Day and Boxing Day, about three hundred miles south-west of Fastnet Rock, hurricane-force winds and mountainous sixty-foot seas hammered her hull. Suddenly, under the incessant pitching and rolling, the pig-iron shifted. The ship began to list—ten, twenty, thirty degrees. Across her deckhouse and down her sides a crack appeared.

The ten passengers and all but one of the crew of forty leapt into the sea and were quickly rescued. The captain stayed on board. With an ocean rescue tug, he tried to get his listing ship to safety. But the cargo continued to move, throwing the vessel more and more on her beam-ends—seventy degrees . . . eighty . . . eighty-five. Finally, almost in sight of harbour, the ship turned over and sank. Worth nearly £500,000, the American freighter Flying Enterprise now lies rotting in forty fathoms in the English Channel, perhaps the most spectacular example in recent years of a ship which was virtually a victim of its own cargo.

As any man in the business of ship-loading knows, a cargo is a far greater potential danger to the safety of a ship than all the perils of sea and weather. To Jack Peggie, one of the most experienced stevedore superintendents in London's Royal Docks, the loss of Flying Enterprise is a first-class illustration of the vagaries of shipping's most complex job.

"Ideally," Peggie says, "a bagged cargo might have covered the pig-iron in Flying Enterprise to hold it down, but there was none. So she sailed, and in nine hundred and ninety-nine seas out of a thousand her cargo would have been perfectly safe. She ran into the thousandth. As the inquiry verdict said, the circumstances were completely exceptional."

Jack Peggie has been loading and unloading ships in London Docks for twenty-odd years. A chunky, dark-complexioned Scot, he has a seafarer's forceful and direct tongue, and a larynx which grates out the words like a rasp on hard-grained wood. He works for Scruttons, one of Britain's largest and oldest firms of master stevedores, porters and cargo superintendents. "In London and other major ports," Peggie says, "we load and discharge every type of cargo in every kind of sea-going vessel—from coasters to liners."

Last year, the Port of London's total cargo turnover was 54,314,000 tons. To load an average ship with five thousand tons of cargo normally takes about eight days. The stevedore superintendent's responsibilities during the operation are considerable. Not only does the safety of the vessel rest largely on him; shipping economy depends on him, too. He has to give a ship a quick turn-round. He has to arrange the stowage so that at perhaps six other ports unloading and reloading can be done without "tearing the ship apart." He has to make the most of the cargo space. And if he arranges the stowage badly, the ship may not handle well and may use extra fuel or be slowed down.

On top of all this, Jack Peggie and his colleagues have to protect the cargo itself from

If you plucked your own tea . . . . .

You would naturally pluck the best—the tender 'two leaves and a bud' from the tip of each shoot.

That is how plucking is done on those gardens from which Brooke Bond obtain the tea for their high grade blends which are famous all over the world.

A unique service

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens—*more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world*—with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets.

And Brooke Bond is the only tea firm with five blending and packing factories, each serving its own part of the country, from which fresh stocks are rushed to *your* grocer by the familiar little red vans.

buy **Brooke Bond**

FRESHER because delivered QUICKER

'Two leaves and a bud'. The symbol of Brooke Bond service throughout the world.

FRESH TEA *being delivered to a grocer by the little red van—a familiar sight throughout the land. Not a moment is lost.*

We *specially* recommend our 'CHOICEST' and 'EDGLETS' blends

scores of hazards. From incoming cargoes—"you rarely see your own mistakes: they're always the other fellow's"—Peggie remembers examples of tainting, leakage, contamination and overheating through faulty stowage. Into one ship, he recalls, new blue-painted tractors were loaded. When they were discharged, aniline fumes from chemicals stowed elsewhere in the ship had turned them bright yellow.

From the 'tween decks of another ship, cased eggs were unloaded and found to be tainted by apples stowed in the wrong place. A load of pepper was ruined when it picked up the moisture from wet hides.

Deck Cargo Was Dangerous

"All these factors are complicated still more," Peggie adds, "because when you start loading you rarely have more than a rough idea of your cargo. All the time the stuff comes in at you from both sides of the ship—lighters, lorries and trains—and you have to sort it out *and* observe all the do's and don'ts."

Perhaps Jack Peggie's most important consideration is the effect of the cargo on the ship's stability and trim—its ability to right itself and to maintain an even keel. "If a lot of deadweight or heavy cargo goes in the bottom of the ship, you give it a low centre of gravity and make it 'stiff.' This means that in a big sea it won't roll easily with the waves but will constantly try to right itself. As a result, it will have a pretty hectic battering. On the other hand, a ship can be made top-heavy—tender, we call it—by putting too much deadweight in the upper half. Deck cargoes, especially, can make a ship dangerously tender."

On a day in April, 1948, the 1,770-ton Cardiff steamer Willodale put out of Bordeaux with a load of pit props, part of which was stowed on the main deck. Before long, Willodale struck the kind of weather only the Bay of Biscay can produce, and she began to roll ponderously.

Trying to jettison part of the deck cargo to make the ship less tender, six men were swept into the sea in an avalanche of pit props. Water then got into the forward cargo space, and Willodale sank. Ten men were rescued; another six were never found.

The stevedore superintendent also has to be careful not to hog or sag a ship. Jack Peggie explains: "A ship is not rigid. It gives and bends. If one hold is overloaded with deadweight, or if it is loaded while the others are empty, the ship may be severely strained. I heard of one sagged ship"—in which the midships holds were loaded first—"which was permanently shortened by a foot."

Crate Smashed Packages

To ventilate the cargo and to prevent it from moving, stevedores use planks and sacking, which they call dunnage. "Bad dunnaging," says Peggie, "is probably responsible for more damaged cargo than anything else." Some time ago, he unloaded a ship which had been through heavy weather. In the 'tween-deck amidships a nine-ton crate of machinery had been stowed among a lot of smaller packages. In the big seas, the crate had shifted, smashing and crushing the smaller cargo. The dunnaging and shoring was inadequate, but Peggie is reluctant to blame anyone. "They may not have got that crate till the last minute, and the stowage available by that time may not have been ideal. They may not have been given the correct measurements by the shippers—and, in any case, the weather was exceptionally bad."

Generally, Peggie finds, unloading is simpler than loading, though it can be tedious. A ship from the Far East carried a mixed cargo of tea, jute, wax in sacks, dressed leather, gunnies (baled coarse sacking), silks and curios—apparently a simple discharge. But the 1,500 tons of tea were broken up into three hundred different consignments, and most of them were to be dispatched "overside" to lighters—which meant that 24,000 cases had to be sorted in the confined holds of the ship.

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

A plan shows exactly where an incoming ship's cargo is stowed. Jack has handled every kind of vessel. Like women, he says, they vary. "You can never know enough about them"

Another ship which Jack Peggie superintended brought, among other things, several tons of paraffin wax from Calcutta. Normally, the wax is loaded in the cool of the evening, but this particular consignment had gone into the ship during the day. It had congealed in a solid, slippery block on the bottom of the ship. "It took four days to hack it out with picks and shovels."

No specific training is laid down for Peggie's complex and responsible job. "It's not an exact science," he says. "Only so much can be learned from books." Like most of the other stevedoring superintendents at Scruttons, however, Peggie spent the first years of his working life at sea, and he holds a master's certificate. The firm considers seafaring experience valuable because the superintendents then know the idiosyncracies of a variety of ships and they can talk to the captains and chief officers in their own terms. "Ships," says Peggie wryly, "are like women. They vary considerably, and you can never know enough about them."

Accidents Happen Daily

Peggie stresses that good stevedoring depends on teamwork. It is doubly necessary because stevedoring is a hazardous occupation, rated second only to mining by the insurance companies. "Accidents happen daily in the docks. They range from squashed fingers upwards." Men put a foot wrong and crash twenty or thirty feet on to metal ingots, wood crates or the ship's ribs. Hawsers break and, whipping across a deck, cut men almost in half. Falling craneloads have crushed and maimed men.

Once, Peggie recalls, a set of cases of hydrochloric acid bottles got knocked while it was being stowed on deck. Suddenly, one case started to smoke. Some men dashed to get hoses, others scrambled out of the way. One man, however, dexterously picked up the smoking case with his cargo hook, walked to the handrail and dropped it in the dock. "He was a brave man. If it had exploded, he could have been disfigured for life."

A complication in stevedoring which is occasionally dangerous is the presence of painters, fumigators and electricians, who swarm over a ship as soon as she docks. Not long ago, a vessel from India was unloading a cargo of gunny, a coarse sacking material. A load swung too near a welding flame and burst into fire in mid-air. The stevedores could do nothing—but the crane-driver calmly doused the gunny over the side.

First "Port In The Sea"

In his years on the dockside, Jack Peggie has handled every kind of cargo. During the war he helped to start the Clyde Anchorages Emergency Port, the first "port in the sea." At first operated almost entirely by a labour force from Scruttons, the port was secretly opened within seven days of the start of the London blitz, and during the next five years it handled millions of tons of cargo. "We had some tricky jobs there. The ships were unloaded at an anchorage near the entrance to the estuary into lighters and coasters. Some of these were in turn unloaded at the seaside piers on the north side of the Clyde.

"I remember the times we had unloading in heavy weather. And I remember one ship in particular. She'd been torpedoed. Part of her cargo was meat, and as she limped home the salt water got at it. By the time it reached us it had gone completely rotten. . . ."

Animals are probably the trickiest of all cargoes—"they can be more fickle than first-class passengers." When Black Tarquin, the St. Leger winner, was being shipped back to America, Jack Peggie was superintending the stowage. Nothing would induce the horse to enter its box. Eventually, one resourceful stevedore said: "Look, he's been backing away from all the hay we've offered him—let's put him stern on to the box and offer it to him again."

The trick worked; Black Tarquin backed into his box, stubbornly refusing the hay, and was promptly whisked on to the ship. THE END

The girl who was taken over

by JACK TREVOR STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

Mark Lacey had inherited the shop—lock, stock and barrel. But if Master Mark thought that included her, he was in for a big surprise

WHEN THE CAR STOPPED outside the general store at Elders End, Ruth Westrop was delicately balancing the last tin of baked beans on the top of an immense, cunningly engineered pyramid which formed the backcloth, so to speak, of a window display which had taken her half a day to put in.

She finished her task before glancing outside at the car, for she sensed that it was only a traveller from the wholesalers at Market Walden. Then she was shocked to find that she was mistaken. A bulky, tweedy young man wearing a cloth cap and a large, outdated moustache, was lugging an attaché case, golf clubs and a fishing rod in a canvas bag out of the rear boot.

Ruth, a pretty, intelligent looking, red-haired girl of twenty-four, backed away from the window and into the dark, sawdusted hinterland of the shop, as though stalked by a tiger. She began to unfasten the white smock which kept her clean and at the same time enhanced her sturdy but singularly fascinating figure. If she slipped out the back way, over to the White Hart, Mrs. Timson could fetch her belongings later on. . . .

"Hallo—Miss Westrop?"

It was too late. The doorway was full of tweedy man and sporty luggage.

"Yes." Her voice, usually warm and lilting, was now stiff and defensive and quite lacking in welcome. She edged behind the bacon-slicing machine as he came farther into the shop.

His voice was friendly, cheerful and loud. He put his luggage on the floor, blinked into the gloom of the shop—for outside it was bright and sunny—and came and peered round the machine to get a better look at her.

"Ah," he said, when he had her properly in focus, "I'm Mark Lacey."

"I didn't know you were coming today. The executor said you'd be taking over next month."

"I changed my mind," he said. "All the best weather'll be gone by then and I want to get a bit of sport in. Don't worry, I won't interfere. Aunt Bet told me in her letters how competent you are. Just show me to my room and the shop won't see me for the next fortnight——"

"That's a pity," Ruth said, "because it won't see me, either."

"But I thought you were staying——"

RUTH came out from behind the machine and faced him, pinkly. The feelings she had bottled up this past few weeks were now unbottled.

"I've been an orphan and an evacuee and a shop assistant," she told him, "but never part of a legacy. I've no intention of being left to anybody."

Mark Lacey was amazed and embarrassed. "It never occurred to me to look at it like that, Miss Westrop. They told me I could take the place over, lock, stock and barrel, and that you were going to run it——"

"So you arrive here without notice talking about being shown to your room and getting a bit of sport in——" She broke off in furious confusion, having got her accusations in an unfortunate sequence. She pointed round the shop at the well-laden shelves and the barrel of vinegar: "There's your stock and there's your barrel and the lock's on my door—perhaps you'll give me ten minutes to get my things together and go."

She had opened the door leading into the house when he bellowed: "Stop!"

She stopped and faced him.

Then, in a quiet voice, he said: "Believe it or not, I had no idea that you were still living here. Not many young women would have stayed on alone in a house where someone had died."

"It wasn't just someone," Ruth said. "It was Aunt Bet. At least, I called her that. I came here in 1943 when I was fourteen—it's my home. Or at least, it was."

"It still can be," he said. "Had I known that you were living here I should have put up at a pub in the village or somewhere——"

"Why should you? The place is yours. I'm going to the White Hart."

HE swept aside the suggestion with a wave of his hand. "No you're not. *I* am. I shall be glad to go. You credit me with the worst possible character and motives. I can't imagine that Aunt Bet put you against me. Many's the time I've spent my school holidays here——"

"You stole sweets and ate all the profit."

"Aha—so she did talk about me. Did she tell you that Uncle Charlie used to encourage me?"

"She hardly ever mentioned her husband, but I believe she thought a lot about him."

"You must have been very fond of her," he said.

It was the kind of question she could not answer because it brought a painful convulsion to her throat. Fond was hardly the word. Aunt Bet had been mother, father and family to her. Her going had been sudden and unexpected.

"Let's face it," the young man said, gently now. "Had she known the end was near she would have willed the shop to you—as it was, everything came to next of kin. Me."

Ruth had already faced that, but subconsciously. If it was the core of her resentment, of her antipathy towards this stranger, it was not that she regretted losing the property as such. It was because this was her home and she loved the sweet little bow-windowed shop.

"I was in Scotland saying goodbye to friends when I got the news," Mark Lacey said. "The funeral was already over then, which is why I wasn't there. You see, I was fixing to emigrate to New Zealand—I still may."

Ruth came back to the counter. "You mean you'd sell the shop—after all the years Aunt Bet spent building it up?"

"Well I must say *you* don't seem very loyal to it—walking out like this."

"It's not my shop."

"Morally it's as much yours as mine."

Ruth hardened up again. "You're being sympathetic. I don't want——"

"I know. You don't want charity. Okay, leave if you must, but take your time." He

Ruth and the two bits of bacon dangled in the smoke-filled air. "The ladder!" she gasped. Grabbing the ladder, Mark raced to the rescue

Ruth turned pink. A photo of herself, in open blouse and very short shorts, lay in the young man's case. "Aunt Bet sent it to me," he explained

began picking up his luggage. "I'm going over to the White Hart now. Perhaps if I call in tomorrow you'll show me the ropes."

Ruth came round to the front of the counter. She felt now that perhaps she had been a bit hasty. But apart from everything else she had been rather prejudiced by his moustache. There was probably quite a decent man behind it.

Sensing that her mood had softened, he smiled at her suddenly and managed to release one hand from his encumbrances and thrust it out to be shaken. She shook it, but warily.

"I'm sure we could be friends," he said. Then he swung round to the door and one end of the fishing rods hit the bottom tin of the pyramid display. For an awful moment the whole lot swayed.

MARK LACEY dropped everything and clutched at the tins. It was all that was necessary to bring the display crashing down; a hundred tins of baked beans showered forward into the window, bringing down bottles of salad cream, cartons of corn flakes, jars of fish paste—the entire artistic show.

Ruth's face was pink, but without expression.

Mark Lacey was stunned at the sight. "Let me help you to——"

"No, it's all right," she said. "It's only a day's work."

There was something absent-minded in the remark that made him look round from the window to the girl. She had turned even pinker and was staring at his case, which had broken open when he dropped it. On top of everything else lay a framed portrait of a smiling, twenty-year-old Ruth wearing a very open spotted blouse and immodestly short shorts.

"Oh, that," he said. "Aunt Bet sent it to me."

Ruth Westrop walked across and gazed at the mess, almost as though she wasn't seeing it.

"I thought it looked better framed," Mark said. He began putting his belongings in order, kneeling on the sawdusted floor. On reflection, his last remark seemed derogatory or something. The atmosphere was all charged up again. "I haven't got many pictures," he mumbled.

At the door he turned to make one last effort. "Cheerio, then."

Ruth couldn't have heard. She was getting things out of the window, her red hair falling over her eyes. Nor did she look up when the car drove away. Not that her mind was on window dressing. It was a turmoil of emotions. She had hoped that in spite of all Aunt Bet had said in his favour at one time and another, Mark Lacey would turn out to be a pig. More than anything, she wanted some justification for disliking him. Any other kind of feeling towards him would be immediately suspect, even to herself, for she wanted so desperately to stay in the little shop.

And now he had turned out to be quite handsome, apart from the moustache, and he had an honest, considerate and friendly disposition and a photograph of her in with his tooth brush and razor. Hooking him would be as easy as falling off a log. She had to get out quick while she still had her integrity.

With this in mind, she spent the rest of the afternoon tidying up the shop and generally putting things in order so that he would not have too much difficulty in taking over.

THOUGH few customers came in to interrupt her, it was past six o'clock when she had finished. And then she noticed the unsmoked gammon of bacon which she had promised to have ready for a customer the next day.

She carried the heavy gammon down the garden to the brick outhouse which Aunt Bet's husband had converted into a smoke room in the days when he cured and smoked pork straight from the farms. Nowadays, under the control system, the bacon came in ready cured but not always smoked. Some people liked it green, others didn't. She pulled the heavy iron door partly open and went inside.

The heap of sawdust on the floor was still smouldering from the last smoke. It was dark in there, everything coated black and treacly. She looked up at the half-sides of bacon hanging high on the iron rail in the roof. It was almost too smoky to go up, but for quickness she decided not to wait for it to clear.

She propped the iron ladder up against the

Continued on page 47

Bill Ward steals laughs from TV mishaps

by DENNIS HOLMAN

The vase that fell on Cyril Fletcher went into the script—but Bill hates to remember the time Big Ben squawked like a baby

DURING THE REHEARSAL of a recent TV show, the script called for Cyril Fletcher to lean his elbow on a hinged mantelpiece. This was to collapse under his weight, throwing up a vase over his head from the other end. The first vase tried out was too light. So a heavier one was put into position. It proved a little too heavy. As Fletcher leaned, the ornament took off and landed on his head. Fletcher's knees buckled and he went down. A moment later, a hefty, bald but young-looking man in tweeds was kneeling by his side.

"Cyril," he said, as the star sat up, nursing a bump, "you've certainly pulled that gag out of the rut. We must work that into the script."

The speaker was Bill Ward, a West-countryman whose slow speech and easy manner belies the combination of business man, technician and interpretive artist that his job demands of him. He is one of the top TV variety producers, responsible for about 180 comedy and band shows in the last six years, including all the series starring Terry-Thomas, Vic Oliver and Arthur Askey.

Producers tend to be temperamental. Recently, one threw a jug of water at the monitors in the studio control gallery, disgusted with the way things were going during a rehearsal. But Ward, his associates say, is hard to fluster.

Crises develop suddenly during a transmission, but his voice directing key technicians over the talk-back headphones seldom betrays panic. In one of the Terry-Thomas *How Do You View?* programmes, Herbert Walton received a letter which he opened at the window. "Please don't forget to water my window-box," it read. "The water is enclosed."

He then turned the envelope upside down, and out poured water—through a concealed tube running under his jacket and down his sleeve. But the fitting stuck when the time came to disconnect it for the next shot, inside the room. While a studio hand struggled desperately with the tube, Ward quickly directed the next scene to be shot through the window, with Walton being gently pulled back into the room, until a knife could be handed to the man crouched behind him.

"To my surprise I was congratulated next day on the smooth camera work—particularly on the novel idea of following Walton in through the window!" Ward recalls.

Swordsman Struck Table

To Ward a script, even a "final" script, is something always capable of being improved. Once, in a practice duel for *How Do You View?* Peter Butterworth took a cut at Terry-Thomas and knocked a chunk out of a refectory table.

The incident suggested a gag, and Ward had the legs of an oak chair sawn through to collapse as Butterworth swiped at it. Terry-Thomas, as the cuckolded cavalier, was then to say, "First my wife, then my furniture!"

"That wasn't the only last-minute idea," says Butterworth. "I had to get a can of water poured on my head in the previous scene. We had rehearsed it with only a few drops of water for effect, but just before the show Bill Ward had the can filled without saying a word to anybody. I was drenched, and Terry, coming on directly after, was so tickled at the sight of me that he forgot his 'furniture' line."

Because Ward believes he has produced some of his best laughs by accident, out of a genuine surprise reaction, his assistants know exactly what to do when he tells them to let a star have "the full treatment." In every programme of *Before Your Very Eyes*, Askey got something he little expected—mugs of tea, broken crockery, characters that said lines out of script.

"By the time the last of the series was due

Barbara Back, a guest in the show *A Little Of What You Fancy*, is shown a camera dolly by Bill Ward. Once, he operated the earliest television cameras

Always on the look-out for a last-second improvement, Bill Ward, and his secretary Noreen Wilson, check a script with actress Joan Winmill (right)

Now the broadcast is under way. Behind the scenes in the control-room, Bill keeps a careful eye and ear on the studio

Arthur had come to expect anything." Ward says. "So we spared him right up to the end of the show, when he made a speech thanking everybody, particularly those who had refrained from throwing things at him that evening. A moment later he got the lot—water, soot, fuller's earth, sawdust, anything we could lay hands on."

Half a producer's success lies in his personality, and Ward is friendly and informal; people automatically call him Bill. He has the knack of being able to infect a production team with his own enthusiasm, as well as handling variable star temperaments from the impulsive enthusiasm of Norman Wisdom, who needs to be restrained from trying to cram every gag and comic fall he knows into a single act, to the dignified and intense Vic Oliver, who reacts only to tact and finesse.

Askey was apprehensive of TV when he began his series, but soon adapted himself. With Terry-Thomas, Ward became aware of a curious change of personality.

"When we first started work together Terry was unknown," he says. "Within six months he was the highest paid in television"—he got £130 for a half-hour show. "But as time wore on the difference seemed to lessen between the man himself and the character he had created. Unconsciously he was living his part, and it was difficult to get him to be serious."

Early last year, already up to his eyes in a Terry-Thomas every fortnight and a Vic Oliver every month, Ward was given yet another series —*Hit Parade*, a musical show featuring the current song hits. The difficulty was that the hits, as decided by the sales return of gramophone records and sheet music, were known only five days before the production, which was designed for ten elaborate song and dance items.

"It meant that Bill Ward had to handle four major productions a month—a tremendous weight of work for one man," says Ronnie Waldman, head of TV Variety. "But only Bill could have given *Hit Parade* the pace needed to put it across."

Ward's flair is for the quick-fire comedy show, with many sets and complicated stage directions. "I believe he works out his production problems in the train, and gets a kick out of a really tricky one," says Sid Colin, the scriptwriter. "Once when I realized I had put fourteen sets in a script, I offered to take a few out. Bill refused to part with any of them."

It is the detail in a TV production that makes the heavy work. Novel ways of opening a show or presenting credits depend on the producer.

Once, for a Charlie Chester show, Ward wanted a shot of a target with a couple of arrows twanging into the bull. Space was restricted, so the target was set up alongside an immense back-projection screen, hired from a film company. This was to be used as a back-cloth with a photographed panorama projected on to it.

"One of the cast, who claimed to be an expert with a bow, was given the job of shooting the arrows," Ward says. "But he missed the target altogether, and put an arrow through the nylon screen valued at £3,000."

Climbed Up Behind Camera

In TV, more than any other entertainment medium, the producer must be first a technician. Once, when a cameraman protested that a shot devised by Ward could not be done, the producer climbed up behind the camera and did the shot himself. What the cameraman did not realize was that Ward in his time had operated some of the earliest TV cameras, without refinements.

He has risen right through the technical ranks, working at almost every job on the way; he swung a boom microphone above Helen McKay's head as she sang "Here's Looking At You" in the B.B.C.'s historic first TV broadcast in 1936.

One of the methods of transmission then being tried out involved a time lag of forty seconds. This made it possible for a performer to see the last bit of his act if he ran fast enough to the monitor in the control gallery. "The practice was, however, stopped," Ward says. "An operatic tenor and I collided violently just after a scene. He was knocked out, and stayed out despite all our efforts to revive him—and he had to go on again. Finally Leslie Mitchell had to announce that, owing to circumstances outside our control, the programme could not be continued."

This happened seventeen years ago, when Ward and Mitchell were both young enough to indulge in boisterous horse-play between programmes. On one occasion they were wrestling and Mitchell fell awkwardly, dislocating his shoulder. A few minutes later he was called upon to make an announcement from the curious black cabinet in which he sat in darkness while a tiny spot traversed his face at lightning speed.

"Leslie was in pain and incapable of sitting upright," Ward recalls. "I held his shoulder in position while he made the announcement. Next day a viewer wrote suggesting that it might help if Mr. Mitchell smiled a little more."

Programmes opened then with a picture of Big Ben striking the hour, and one of Ward's jobs was playing a record of the chimes. On the other side of the disc, however, was the crying of a baby. One night Ward made the inevitable mistake. Instead of booming, Big Ben squawked. That took some living down.

Ward is a frustrated farmer—he keeps bees at Purley, Surrey, where he lives with his wife and three small children. He first joined the B.B.C. at sixteen, in 1932, volunteering for TV when the service was started four years later. In 1937, he became the youngest-ever fully qualified engineer in the corporation. For this, he says, he has to thank the Oxford and Cambridge boat race.

"Everything was put into an outside broadcast of the event, depleting Alexandra Palace of technicians so much that I was left in sole charge of the central control-room. But just before the race a road mender put a drill through the telephone cables, cutting off the outdoor unit."

Ward acted promptly. He ran down the hill below "Ally Pally" to report the break from the nearest call box. Then, while it was being repaired, he tuned in on the sound broadcast from the Thames, intending to feed that to viewers with a televised map of the course, if the planned TV arrangements failed.

Contact was restored, and Ward's alternative idea was not used. But during the panic he had been too occupied to notice a couple of officials visiting the control-room. One of these happened to be Sir Noel Ashbridge, Chief Engineer of the B.B.C. And three weeks later Bill Ward was promoted. THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

"You are sitting in the presence of royalty," Eisenbeiss protested. Hornblower thumped the table. "You address me as 'sir,'" he snapped

HORNBLOWER
OF THE ATROPOS

by C. S. FORESTER

All hands sweated to make the ship ready for action. But some of the enemy was closer than Hornblower expected—here, in British waters

CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER, R.N., had been presented to the King. It was an honour that did not fall to every young officer, and its meaning was clear: he had been marked down for an important mission.

It was barely a week since he had taken command of his new ship, H.M.S. Atropos, a twenty-two gun sloop. The promotion had come when he badly needed it, for his wife, Maria, had just given birth to their second child, and it had been hard making ends meet on half-pay.

At the King's levee, Admiral St. Vincent had presented him to Prince Ernst of Seitz-Bunau, the King's great-nephew. The German princeling—little more than a boy—was to serve in the Atropos as a midshipman. He would be accompanied by his High Chamberlain, Baron von Eisenbeiss.

Hornblower looked them over morosely. He might make something of the prince, perhaps; but Eisenbeiss, a man of intolerable pomp and vanity, was obviously going to be a nuisance. Still, it was the King's wish, and he certainly couldn't refuse.

Hornblower left the levee wondering where his next orders would send him. One thing was certain: it would be no ordinary task. St. Vincent had his eye on him. . . .

PART 2

Sailing Orders

So it was to be the Mediterranean. Hornblower sat in his canvas chair in his cabin in Atropos, re-reading the orders which had come for him.

Sir,

I am commanded by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. . . .

He was to prepare himself with the utmost diligence ready to proceed to Gibraltar, and there he was to call for orders which the vice-admiral commanding in the Mediterranean might send to him there. In the event that no such orders should be forthcoming, he was to ascertain where the vice-admiral was likely to be found, and to proceed with the same diligence to put himself under the vice-admiral's orders.

That must be Cuthbert Collingwood—Lord Collingwood now that he had received his peerage after Trafalgar. The fleet that had won the battle there—or such ships of it as were still seaworthy—had been sent into the Mediterranean after the battle, he knew. The destruction of the French and Spanish fleets outside Cadiz had definitely established British command of the Atlantic, so now the navy was carrying its ponderous weight into the Mediterranean to head off there any moves that Bonaparte might make now that Austerlitz had given him command of Continental Europe.

Austerlitz—Trafalgar. The French Army—and the Royal Navy. The one might be balanced against the other. There was no corner of Europe whither French troops might not march—as long as there was land for them to march on; there was no corner of the sea where British ships might not bring their influence to bear—as long as there was water in which they could float. In the landlocked Mediterranean, with its peninsulas and islands, sea power could best confront land power. The bloody and seemingly endless conflict between tyranny and liberty would be fought out there. He would play his part in it.

The Secretary to the Lords Commissioners signed himself "your obedient humble servant," but, before he did so, he went on to say that Their Lordships rested assured that Atropos was ready for immediate departure, so that on receipt of final orders and of the last-minute dispatches which would be entrusted to her she would be able to leave at once. Hornblower and his ship, in other words, were being put on notice of instant readiness.

Hornblower felt a slight feeling of apprehension, a sensation of gooseflesh at the back of his neck. He did not believe that his ship was prepared in all respects to leave at a moment's notice.

Hornblower lifted up his voice in a call to the sentry outside his door.

"Pass the word for Mr. Jones."

THE cry was repeated in the 'tween decks like an echo, as he sat with the orders in his hands. It was only a few moments before Mr. Jones came in hastily, and it was only when he arrived that Hornblower realized that he had not prepared himself to give the necessary orders and make the necessary inquiries. As a result, Hornblower found himself compelled to look Jones over without speaking. His steady stare discomposed the unfortunate lieutenant, who put his hand up nervously to his face.

Hornblower saw a dab of dry lather in front of Jones's right ear, and as the lieutenant's gesture recalled him to himself, he noticed something more: one lantern cheek was smooth and well shaved while the other bristled with a fair growth of black beard.

"Pardon, sir," said Jones, "but your call caught me half-shaved, and I judged it best to come at once."

"Very well, Mr. Jones," said Hornblower; he was not sorry that Jones had something to explain away while he himself was not ready with the definite orders that a good officer should be able to issue.

Under that embarrassing stare, Jones had to speak again.

"Did you want me, sir?"

"Yes," said Hornblower. "We are under orders for the Mediterranean."

"Indeed, sir?" Mr. Jones's remarks did not

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

With the muskets pointing at him, Hornblower unbuttoned his jacket to show his uniform. "I am a King's officer," he said. "I am coming aboard"

make any great contribution to the progress of the conversation.

"I want your report on how soon we can be ready for sea."

"Oh, sir. . . ."

Jones put his hand up to his face again; perhaps it was as long as it was because of his habit of pulling at his chin.

"Are stores and water complete?"

"Well, sir, you see——"

"You mean they are not?"

"N—no, sir. Not altogether."

HORNBLOWER was about to ask for an explanation, but changed his approach at the last second.

"I won't ask why at present. How short are we?"

"Well, sir. . . ." The wretched Jones entered into a hurried statement. They were twenty tons of water short. Bread, spirits, meat——

"You mean that with the victualling yard only across the river you have not kept the ship complete with stores?"

"Well, sir. . . ." Jones tried to explain that he had not thought it necessary to draw supplies from day to day. "There was plenty of other work for the hands, sir, fitting out."

"Watch bills? Station bills?"

These were the lists that allocated the hands to their duties and quarters in the ship.

"We're twenty topmen short, sir," said Jones pitifully.

"All the more reason to make the most of what we have."

"Yes, sir, of course, sir." Jones sought desperately in his mind for excuses for himself. "Some of our beef, sir—it—it isn't fit to eat."

"Worse than usual?"

"Yes, sir. Must be some of an old batch. Real bad, some of it."

"In which tier?"

"I'll ask the purser, sir."

"You mean you don't know?"

"No, sir—yes, sir."

Hornblower fell into deep thought again, but as once more he did not take his eyes from Jones's face, that did not help the delinquent first lieutenant to recover his equanimity. Actually, Hornblower was condemning himself. During the few days he had held command of the Atropos he had been hard at work on the details of Nelson's funeral, and then he had been preoccupied with his own family affairs, but all that was no excuse. The captain of a ship should be aware at every moment of the state of his command.

He was savagely angry with himself. He hardly knew his officers' names; he could not even estimate what sort of fight Atropos could put up—and yet he would not have to go very far down the river to find his ship likely to be in action.

"What about the gunner's stores?" he asked. "Powder? Shot? Wads? Cartridges?"

"I'll send for the gunner, sir, shall I?" asked Jones. He was desperate at all this revelation of his own inadequacies.

"I'll see 'em all in a minute," said Hornblower. "Purser, gunner, bos'n, cooper, master's mate."

These were the subordinate heads of departments responsible through the first lieutenant to the captain for the proper functioning of the ship.

"Aye aye, sir."

"What the devil's that noise?" asked Hornblower pettishly. For some minutes now there had been some sort of altercation on the quarterdeck over their heads. Strange voices were making themselves heard through the skylight.

"Shall I find out, sir?" asked Jones eagerly, hoping for some distraction. But, as he spoke, there was a knock at the cabin door.

"This'll tell us," said Hornblower. "Come in!"

Midshipman Horrocks opened the door.

"Mr. Still's respects, sir, an' there are some gentlemen come on board with an Admiralty letter for you, sir."

"Ask them to come here."

IT could only be trouble of one sort or another, Hornblower decided, as he waited. One more distraction at a moment when he was about to be desperately busy. Horrocks ushered in two figures, one large and one diminutive, wearing glittering uniforms of green and gold—Hornblower had last seen them only yesterday at the Court of St. James's, the German princeling and his bear-leader. Hornblower rose to his feet, and Eisenbeiss stepped forward with an elaborate bow, to which Hornblower replied with a curt nod.

"Well, sir?"

Eisenbeiss ceremoniously handed over a letter; a glance showed Hornblower that it was addressed to him. He opened it carefully and read it.

"You are hereby requested and required to receive into your ship His Serene Highness Ernst Prince of Seitz-Bunau, who has been rated as midshipman in His Majesty's Navy. You will employ your diligence in instructing His Serene Highness in his new profession as well as in continuing his education in readiness for the day which, under Providence, may not be far distant, when His Serene Highness will again assume the government of his hereditary dominions.

"You will also receive into your ship His Excellency the Baron Otto von Eisenbeiss, Chamberlain and First Secretary of State to His Serene Highness. His Excellency was until recently practising as a surgeon, and he has received from the Navy Office a warrant as such in His Majesty's Navy. You will make use of His Excellency's services, therefore, as Surgeon in your ship while, as far as naval discipline and the Articles of War allow, he continues to act as Chamberlain to His Serene Highness."

"I see," he said. He looked at the odd pair in their resplendent uniforms. "Welcome aboard, Your Highness."

The prince nodded and smiled, clearly without understanding. Hornblower sat down again, and Eisenbeiss began to speak at once, his thick German accent stressing his grievances.

"I must protest, sir," he said.

"Well?" said Hornblower, in a tone that might well have conveyed a warning.

"His Serene Highness is not being treated with proper respect. When we reached your ship I sent my footman on board to announce us so that His Highness could be received with royal honours. They were absolutely refused, sir. The man on the deck there—I presume he is an officer—said he had no instructions. It was only when I showed him that letter, sir, that he allowed us to come on board at all."

"Quite right. He had no instructions."

"I trust you will make amends, then. And

may I remind you that you are sitting in the presence of royalty?"

"You call me 'sir,'" snapped Hornblower. "And you will address me as my subordinate should."

Eisenbeiss jerked himself upright in his indignation, so that his head came with a shattering crash against the deck-beam above; this checked his flow of words and enabled Hornblower to continue.

"As officers in the King's service you should have worn the King's uniform. You have your dunnage with you?"

Eisenbeiss was still too stunned to answer, even if he understood the word, and Horrocks spoke for him.

"Please, sir, it's in the boat alongside. Chests and chests of it."

"Thank you, Mr. Horrocks. Now, Doctor, I understand you have the necessary professional qualifications to act as surgeon in this ship. That is so?"

Eisenbeiss still strove to retain his dignity.

"As Secretary of State, I am addressed as 'Your Excellency,'" he said.

"But as surgeon in this ship you are addressed as 'Doctor.' And that is the last time I shall overlook the omission of the word 'sir.' Now. Your qualifications?"

"I am a surgeon—sir."

The last word came out with a jerk as Hornblower's eyebrows rose.

"You have been in practice recently?"

"Until a few months ago—sir. I was surgeon to the Court of Seitz-Bunau. But now I am——"

"Now you are surgeon in H.M.S. Atropos, and we can leave off the farce of your being Secretary of State."

"Sir——"

"Silence, if you please, Doctor. Mr. Horrocks!"

"Sir!"

"My compliments to Mr. Still. I'll have these two gentlemen's baggage swayed up. They are to make immediate selection of their necessities to the extent of one sea-chest each. You will be able to help them in their choice. The remainder is to leave the ship within ten minutes by the boat in which it came. Is that quite clear, Mr. Horrocks?"

"Aye aye, sir. If you please, sir, there's a couple of footmen with the baggage."

"Footmen?"

"Yes, sir, in uniforms like these." Horrocks indicated the brilliant green and gold of the Germans.

"That's two more hands, then. Read 'em in and send 'em for'rard."

THE navy could always use more men, and a couple of fat, well-fed footmen would make useful hands in time to come.

"But, sir——" said Eisenbeiss.

"Speak when you're spoken to, Doctor. Now, Mr. Horrocks, you will take the prince and settle him into the midshipmen's berth. I'll introduce you. Mr. Midshipman Horrocks—er, Mr. Midshipman Prince."

Horrocks automatically offered his hand, and the prince as automatically took it, displaying no immediate change at the contamination of a human touch. He smiled shyly, without understanding.

"And my compliments to the master's mate, too, Mr. Horrocks. Ask him to be good enough to show the doctor where he berths for'rard.

"Now, Doctor, in half an hour I wish to see you both in the King's uniform. You can take up your duties then. There will be a court of inquiry opened at that time, consisting of the first lieutenant, the purser, and yourself, to decide whether certain hogsheads of beef are fit for human consumption. You will be secretary of that court and I want your written report by noon. Go with Mr. Horrocks now."

Eisenbeiss hesitated a moment under Hornblower's sharp glance before he turned to leave

Lebon fell on his knees, struggling wildly as he begged for mercy. Hornblower cut through his pleading. "Take this man away!" he said harshly. "I want to see 'em all dangling!"

Protect yourself against B.O.

with LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

SUCH LOVELY NEW FRAGRANCE

There's such a pleasing fragrance about the new Lifebuoy Toilet Soap. Everyone—men and women alike — welcomes it's gentle, clean freshness. It's a fragrance that's delightful yet discreet.

Lifebuoy Toilet Soap, with its new ingredient, now protects you longer

Ordinary washing isn't enough. To be truly sure of personal freshness you need to *clean* the skin. Lifebuoy Toilet Soap,with its new purifying ingredient, does this perfectly — because its rich, invigorating lather lifts out every trace of stale perspiration from the pores. With Lifebuoy Toilet Soap, you can banish B.O. (body odour)— and you're protected far, far longer.

Have YOU tried it yet !

Enjoy a grand, exhilarating bath with emollient Lifebuoy Toilet Soap tonight — your skin will love its mild and gentle lather! What's more, you'll be protected for hours longer!

Find new Confidence **with LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP**

101 252-71

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

the cabin, but, at the curtain, his indignation overcame him again.

"I shall write the Prime Minister, sir," he said. "He shall hear about this treatment of His Majesty's Allies."

"Yes, Doctor. If you contravene the Mutiny Act, you'll swing at the yardarm. Now, Mr. Jones, with regard to these station and quarter bills."

He turned to Jones to re-enter into the business of getting Atropos ready for sea. He had wasted precious hours. During the last two days he had twice played with his little son; he had sat by his wife's bedside and held his little daughter in his arms, when really he should have been on board here looking after his ship. It was no excuse that it was Jones's duty to have attended to the matters under consideration; it had been Hornblower's duty to see that Jones had attended to them.

There were still eight hours of daylight left today. He began an orderly planning of those eight hours.

Purser and gunner, boatswain and cooper, each in turn was summoned to the after-cabin. To each was allotted his tasks.

Soon the launch was pulling across the river, full of the empty barrels the cooper and his mates had made ready, to begin ferrying over the twenty tons of water necessary to complete the ship's requirements. A dozen men went scurrying up the shrouds and out along the yards under the urging of the boatswain; yardarm tackles and stay tackles had to be readied for the day's work.

"Mr. Jones! I am leaving the ship now. Have that report on the beef ready for me by the time I return from the dockyard."

Hornblower became aware of two figures on the quarterdeck trying to attract his attention. They were the prince and the doctor. He ran his eye over their uniforms.

"They'll do," he said. "Your duties are awaiting you, Doctor. Mr. Horrocks! Keep Mr. Prince under your lee for today. Call away my gig."

THE captain superintendent of the dockyard listened to Hornblower's request with the indifference acquired during years of listening to requests from urgent officers.

"I've the men ready to send for the shot, sir. Portside's clear for the powder hulk to come alongside—slack water in half an hour, sir. I can send men to man her, too, if necessary. It's only four tons that I need. Half an hour with the hulk."

"You say you're ready now?"

"Yes, sir."

The captain superintendent looked across at the Atropos lying in the stream.

"Very well. I hope what you say is quite correct, Captain, for your sake. You can start warping the hulk alongside. I warn you I want her back at her moorings in an hour."

"Thank you, sir."

Back in the Atropos, the cry went round the ship.

"Hands to the capstan! Waisters! Sailmakers! Loblolly boys!"

The inmost recesses of the ship were cleared of men to man the capstan bars—any pairs of arms, any stout backs, would serve for that purpose. A drum went roaring along the deck.

"All lights out!"

The cook and his mates dumped the galley fire overside and went reluctantly to man the yardarm and staytackles. The powder hulk came creeping alongside. She had stout sheers and wide hatchways, efficient equipment for the rapid transfer of explosives. Four tons of powder, eighty kegs of one hundredweight each, came climbing out of the hulk's holds to be swayed down the hatchways of the Atropos, while, down below, the gunner and his mates and a sweating working party toiled in near darkness to range the kegs about the magazines.

The members of the court of inquiry, fresh from their investigation of the defective beef barrels, made their appearance on deck again.

"Mr. Jones, show the doctor how to make his report in due form." Then to the purser: "Mr. Carslake, I want to be able to sign your indents as soon as that report is ready."

One final look round the deck, and Hornblower could dive below, take pen and ink and paper, and devote himself single-mindedly to composing a suitable covering letter to the victualling yard.

Then he could come on deck again to see how the work was progressing and fume for a space before Jones and Carslake appeared with the documents they had been preparing. Amid the confusion and din, he had to clear his head again to read them with care before signing them with a bold "H. Hornblower, Captain."

"Mr. Carslake, you can take my gig over to the victualling yard. Mr. Jones, I expect the yard will need hands to man their lighter. See to that, if you please."

A MOMENT to spare now to observe the hands at work, to settle his cocked hat on his head, to clasp his hands behind him, to walk slowly forward, doing his best to look quite cool and imperturbable, as if all this wild activity were the most natural thing in the world.

"Avast heaving there on that staytackle. Belay!"

The powder-keg hung suspended just over the deck. Hornblower forced himself to speak coldly, without excitement. A stave of the keg had started a trifle. There was a minute trail of powder grains on the deck; more were dribbling very slowly out.

"Sway that keg back into the hulk. You, bos'n's mate, get a wet mop and swill that powder off the deck."

An accident could have fired that powder easily. The flash would pass in either direction; four tons of powder in Atropos, forty, perhaps, in the hulk—what would have happened to the massed shipping in the Pool in that event? The men were eyeing him; this would be a suitable moment to encourage them with their work.

"Greenwich Hospital is over there, men," said Hornblower, pointing down river to the graceful outlines of Wren's building. "Some of us will wind up there in the end, I expect, but we don't want to be blown straight there today."

A feeble enough joke, perhaps, but it raised a grin or two, all the same.

"Carry on."

Here was the lighter with the shot, coming along the starboard side. Hornblower looked down into it. Nine-pounder balls for the four long guns, two forward and two aft; twelve-pounder balls for the eighteen carronades that constituted the ship's main armament.

Half of this dead weight would be distributed fairly evenly along the ship in the shot-garlands; where he decided to stow the other ten tons would make all the difference to Atropos: could add a knot to her speed or reduce it by a knot, could make her

Continued on page 36

The Bees of Kiliatos

by GORDON COTLER

The fantastic story of a man hounded and terrified—by his own murderous colony of bees

This Horse is Dangerous

by SHEELAGH PARKER

A refreshing new story with a keen and subtle insight into the mind of a child

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

When owner and dog have learned to work as a team, they are ready to take a walk unsupervised. Routes are traced on a relief map

From a bunch of possibles, Nicholas Liakhoff selects Phantom, a white alsatian, for further testing. One dog in five completes the course

Liakhoff's dogs give the blind second sight

by LEWIS GREIFER

The blind men and women who use guide dogs taught by Nicholas Liakhoff trust their lives to the thoroughness of his training. One slip may be fatal

IN A MIDLANDS TOWN, a policeman was taking a sad-eyed stray mongrel to be destroyed recently when he was stopped by a dapper little man with a brisk manner and the bearing of a soldier. The man watched the bedraggled dog for a few moments and then asked: "Can I have him? I think I can find him some useful work."

Six months later the policeman was passing through Leamington Spa when he saw the man and the dog again. There was an attractive blonde girl with them. The dog had acquired a sleek, well-groomed look and an air of dignity.

"Hallo, officer," said the man breezily, "you've met Skip before, of course. He's one of our most promising guide dogs, isn't he, Miss Hart?"

The girl turned her sightless eyes to the policeman. "Skip's worth a million," she said.

In the past twenty years, Captain Nicholas Liakhoff, fifty-six year old Director of Training to the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association, has supplied Britain's blind with nearly seven hundred guide dogs. Each of them has been certified fit to lead its owner safely past all obstacles, to cross roads safely in all sorts of traffic, and to keep its owner unharmed from the perils that daily threaten the blind.

Nicholas Liakhoff started work in England in 1933 at a disused garage in Wallasey. Today, he controls modern training centres at Leamington and Exeter, each equipped with up-to-date kennels capable of housing more than one hundred dogs at a time, refrigerators and electric mincing machines. He has six qualified trainers and keeps a large ground and kennel staff.

Dogs trained by Liakhoff have stopped their owners from crossing rickety bridges or wading into deep pools, and even from choosing suspicious-looking footpaths. A blind Scot, hiking in the Highlands, ordered his guide dog forward; the dog refused to budge. Sensing danger, he allowed his dog to lead him, but found himself slithering down a stony slope. To a fellow-hiker who hurried over he said ruefully: "This is the first time my dog's let me down."

"Let you down!" exclaimed the other man, "saved your life, you mean. There's a thousand-foot drop on the other side."

In Britain there are more than three hundred blind men and women with Liakhoff-trained guide dogs, and others in Australia, Canada, South Africa and Sweden. Liakhoff was awarded an M.B.E. this year, and delegations from all over the world—including one from the Soviet Union—have visited his training centres, where a hundred dogs are trained every year.

When a new row of kennels was opened at Edmonscote Manor, his home and headquarters near Leamington, Anthony Eden, the local M.P., insisted on performing the ceremony himself, although a few hours before he had collapsed at a rally in Warwick Castle. The highlight of Liakhoff's career was the day Princess Elizabeth presented one of his dogs to a war-blinded South African.

People watching guide dogs at work are surprised at their incredible intelligence and uncanny sense of anticipation. But there is no magic in Liakhoff method—only detailed and patient labour on the principles he was taught at the Seeing Eye school in Vevey, Switzerland.

"I train my dogs to do the right things as a habit," he says. "A guide dog is, for instance, inhibited against stepping off the kerb without

So many people are keeping a sharp lookout all the time for Duncan products! It's a good idea to buy them whenever you see them —while you've got the opportunity.

DUNCAN'S CAROLS
round rich caramels thickly coated with milky chocolate. Price 5d.

DUNCAN HAZELNUT
sweet golden-roasted hazelnuts crowded into smooth, rich chocolate. Price 6d.

DUNCAN'S MERROLS
rich extra buttery butterscotch — big bon-bons individually wrapped. Price 4d.

DUNCAN'S CAPITAL ASSORTMENT
rich delicious chocolates with a variety of choice centres. ½lb. or ¼lb. packs. Plain or milk.

IT'S A DELIGHT WHEN IT'S DUNCAN

W. & M. DUNCAN LIMITED, EDINBURGH

having first looked both ways for oncoming traffic. A properly trained dog will no more bump into a pile of bricks or take a corner sharply than purr like a cat. After all, a guide dog is like a surgeon's scalpel: one slip can be fatal."

It takes Liakhoff about four months to bring a dog to such a degree of training that a blind man will willingly trust his life to it. But before even starting on the course each animal must pass an entrance examination for physical and temperamental fitness.

For four weeks Liakhoff's trainers assess the dog's sensitivity, aggression, chasing instinct and sense of discipline. Tins are suddenly dropped on the ground, unsuspected obstacles are put in its way, and the squealing of brakes is used to test its nervous responses. Liakhoff studies the reports and decides which dogs are suitable for training. "More than half are rejected; only one dog in five ever completes the whole course," he says.

The right temperament is essential. Liakhoff's blind secretary, Phyllis Robinson, was given a dog which seemed perfect in every way. But there was a snag. The dog became so fond of the girl that it would allow nobody to go near her. Eventually she had to ask for a replacement. "The dog had too great a degree of protective aggression," said Liakhoff. "We gave it to the police."

Traffic training is the most important part of the course. Some years ago a former pupil returned to Leamington with her guide dog. "He was perfectly traffic-trained when I left here," she told Liakhoff, "but as soon as I took him home he became hesitant and overcautious. I can't trust him any more."

Changed Training Plans

Liakhoff checked up and made an important discovery which led to a radical change in training technique. The dog had been trained to regard vehicles within a certain radius as a danger, and had halted whenever they were near. But so many considerate motorists had stopped when they saw the girl and the dog that the animal had become confused. It was unable to discriminate between "good" cars and "bad."

So Liakhoff introduced the "signals" method of traffic training. Stationary vehicles are a signal to go, moving vehicles are a signal to stop. The dogs, which are able to judge speeds as well as men can, quickly estimate the safety margin when they cross a road.

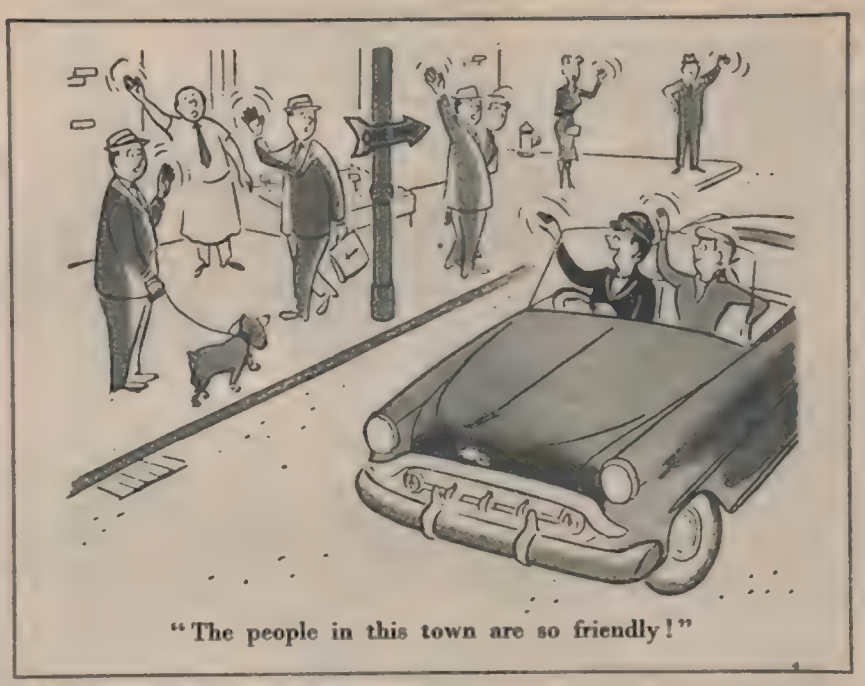
Of the thousand dogs that Liakhoff has trained not one has ever been killed in harness. Once a blind woman was fatally injured by a car just as she was about to step on to the farther kerb. Liakhoff volunteered to give evidence at the inquest. The coroner decided that in similar circumstances a sighted person would not have escaped; the guide dog was in no way to blame, he said. The accident had repercussions at Leamington. Liakhoff decided that in future all harnesses would be painted white.

Coal-hole Is Menace

A dog is given to a blind person only when it knows the significance of zebra crossings and traffic lights, can walk through the busiest shopping centre without the trainer bumping into people—even those who are not looking where they are going—and can appreciate such menaces as a child on a scooter, an open coal-hole and an overhanging privet hedge.

The blind person's own physical and temperamental qualifications are also tested and approved. He is given a handful of meat and introduced to the dog which Liakhoff judges will make the best partner for him.

The psychological effect of this part of the course on both the dog and the blind person is important, says Liakhoff. When Mrs. Enid Hadlow, a tobacco planter's wife, flew to England from Rhodesia for a guide dog, Liakhoff stipulated that the dog must not be allowed to travel back in the hold of the aircraft like other animals. Otherwise, he said, the dog would associate the unpleasantness of the journey with its new mistress, and its training at



"The people in this town are so friendly!"

Leamington would be undermined. The dog, Zena, travelled in a passenger seat.

For three weeks, new owners are the guests of Liakhoff while they learn how to use a guide dog. He regards this as a period of rehabilitation for the blind person, a period for building up self-confidence and a sense of independence. He has instructed his staff that when they see a pupil apparently lost in the grounds they are to make themselves known, but must not offer help unless asked for it. One blind ex-airman walked round the vegetable garden for two hours before finding his way back to the lounge. When he did so, he was more cheerful than he had been for weeks.

Outside Liakhoff's responsibility, but a vital part of the partnership between a guide dog and its owner, are the special skills the dog acquires through experience. A blind man in Walsall orders: "The Crown saloon bar" and his dog takes him straight there; a Sheffield woman says: "The post office, then on to the butcher's," and away goes the team at a swinging pace down the busy High Street.

Tosca Fetched Colonel

Tosca, one of the most famous guide dogs of all, has travelled more than five thousand miles up and down Britain with her owner, Billy Jones, of Manchester. Jones, an organizer of the National Federation of Old Age Pensions' Associations, told friends: "I have only to say 'Porter' to her and Tosca will trot off and get me one. Once she brought me a colonel by mistake."

When returning to Wallasey with a guide dog in harness, Liakhoff was confronted by a policeman and an R.S.P.C.A. inspector. Two women had mistaken a red antiseptic ointment on the dog's muzzle for blood, and had reported him for cruelty to animals. Liakhoff, who could then speak little English, had to call for his interpreter to explain.

Much of the success of the guide dogs movement in Britain stems from Liakhoff's own slightly fey sympathy with animals—as a boy in the Crimea, he was provided with a private menagerie by his father. During the air raids on Merseyside the dogs, temporarily housed in a field near Wallasey, went wild with panic. Liakhoff went among them at the heights of the blitz calming them where he could and injecting others with morphine.

Although basically a sentimentalist—he keeps a docketed collection of the white sticks his pupils discard when they leave the training centre—he prefers to regard his work scientifically. When out shopping with his wife, the former Princess Irina Ouroussoff, now one of his most competent trainers, he noticed that dogs carrying shopping baskets in their mouths were less easily distracted by other dogs. He experimented, and now guide dogs carry a stick during the early part of their training.

Liakhoff still has many problems to overcome. There are three hundred people on the waiting list for dogs, and many of the dogs trained each year are reserved to replace those that have died or grown too old for effective work.

One of the most pressing worries is the supply of suitable animals for training. Liakhoff prefers them young, about six months old, so that they can learn new habits more easily. A dog sent to him recently was so ferocious that it rapidly became the terror of the kennels. When Liakhoff phoned its owner to remove it, he was told: "I daren't—I'm scared to death of the brute."

Breeding For Success

Another problem is to reduce the high percentage of failures on the training course. As each dog eats a minimum of twenty shillings worth of meat a week at the centre, the wastage seriously reduces the output of trained animals. Liakhoff will soon start an experimental breeding station which, he hopes, will eventually remedy that fault.

The Guide Dogs for the Blind Association, which is run on voluntary contributions, pays for the dogs and asks blind people to give what they can afford. "People who buy raffle tickets at charity dances help to pay my salary," says Liakhoff. "Another of my bosses is the R.A.F. corporal stationed in the Middle East who cuts his comrades' hair in his spare time and sends the proceeds to our headquarters in Piccadilly."

Liakhoff has not made a lot of money (although he and his wife and daughter, Babu, live comfortably and run a smart postwar car), but he and his staff have their private compensations.

"Each time a class of blind people passes out," says Phyllis Robinson, "we all go down to our 'local' for a little ceremony, when the dogs are christened by their new owners. Each pupil makes a little speech—sometime gay, sometimes sad, but always sincere. It's then that we feel rewarded."

Of the hundreds of letters Liakhoff has received thanking him for the help he has given their writers, there is one he treasures above all. It is a letter of criticism. It was sent to Liakhoff by a young soldier blinded at Anzio, who received it from his fiancée breaking off their engagement.

"Since you got a guide dog I can't recognize you," the girl wrote. "You are no longer quiet and thoughtful but restless, cocksure, always going out with your new friends. You seem to love that dog more than you do me. What did they do to you at that training school? I am going out with another blind boy now. If you have any feeling for me and you meet him, please don't try to talk him into getting a dog. Yours, Mary." THE END

Who's for Chocolate Krackolates?

PRACTICALLY EVERYONE ANY TIME!

NEW EASIEST-EVER-TO-MAKE RECIPE SENSATION!

Looking for an out-of-the-ordinary treat? Then try these heavenly new cookies by Kellogg's Corn Flakes and Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa—crisp, crunchy Chocolate Krackolates. They're so easy, so quick to make, and mouth-wateringly, munchily delicious. Your only trouble will be to keep the family from wolfing the lot before your friends get a taste.

Anyone can make Krackolates, even the kiddies, and you do know they'll be eating only the purest ingredients:

HOW TO MAKE CHOCOLATE KRACKOLATES

7 tablespoons Kellogg's Corn Flakes
1 level tablespoon Bournville Cocoa
1 tablespoon sugar or icing sugar
1 tablespoon syrup
1 oz. margarine or fat
To improve the flavour add:—
2 tablespoons coconut or
1 teaspoon grated orange peel.

METHOD: Melt margarine (or fat) and syrup slowly in a saucepan. *Do not boil.* Add the cocoa. Remove from heat, stir in sugar. Using metal spoon, quickly fold in coconut (or grated orange peel) and flakes, until coated. Spoon into eleven or twelve portions. If syrup is not available, double the quantity of sugar or icing sugar. Or granulated honey can be used as an alternative.

So simple a child can make them!

AND THEY'RE SURE-FIRE WINNERS AT CHILDREN'S PARTIES

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES and CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

Ask for

Olde English

The Marmalade

with

THICK-CUT

PEEL

specially

made

TENDER

by Chivers

The Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table

1 lb Jar 1/5 · 2 lb Jar 2/9

CHIVERS & SONS LTD. The Orchard Factory, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE and at Montrose, Huntingdon and York

ZM144

ODETTE AND I ARE BETRAYED

Continued from page 10

began to pull in the huge cases that lay littered about the crest.

Lise stayed beside Michel, her arm through his, relating at tremendous speed the hundred and one complications of their lives during the past three weeks. His eyes on the look-out for parachutes, Michel was unable to take it all in.

Arnaud did most of the work, with Jean a good second. When all the cases had been stacked inside the disused hotel, they collected the six parachutes and threw them regretfully on to the fire, sitting around to watch and passing a flask round.

Finally it was time to go. It had taken them a full two hours to complete their work, and it was now 4 a.m.

Arnaud was to stay at the hotel and guard the arms and equipment until relieved by Tom Morel's men, who would collect most of the stuff after Lise had warned the Glieres chief of its arrival.

Telling him to open one of the cases in the meantime, his friends stood by to watch his reactions.

Secret Catch In Log

Arnaud tore open the case and began pulling out one article after another. As he brought forth two new suits, a mackintosh, two pairs of thick brown walking shoes, two pairs of sheepskin gloves, two Colt automatics, a Belgian pistol, spare clips, radio parts, new crystals and batteries, he grunted his approval: *"Eh bien! . . . Tout de même. . . . Enfin! . . . Nom de Dieu!"* When he discovered the secret catch in a moss-covered log of wood that concealed a Sten gun for himself, his joy knew no bounds.

They left him trying on this article and that, picking up one object and laying it down again so as to get his hands on the next. It was a happy Arnaud who was required to spend the night on his own, surrounded by his most prized possessions. Michel felt warm inside at the thought that he had made Captain Alec Rabinowitch a happy man, even for a short while.

Lise, Michel and the Cottets now began the downhill journey. Lise was obliged to hold on to Michel's hand as he lit the snowy surface for each step with a torch held in the other. If slightly handicapped by having no free hand, Michel was only too delighted by her unstable proximity.

It was at one of the worst points that she slipped out of his tight grip and slithered down a sheer bank. The horrible crashing of her body striking various objects in her thirty-foot fall, ending in a dreadful thud, made Michel sick with apprehension.

Her Face Was Grey

Skidding after her, in a matter of seconds, he was kneeling beside her where she law sprawling, her back across the fallen trunk of a tree. But Jean was there before him and already had her unconscious head cradled in his arm. The grey colour of her face beneath the torchlight gave Michel the awful certainty that she had broken her back. Rubbing snow into her face and neck and alternately slapping her, Michel became frantic at the realization that he might lose her.

"Lise, Lise, for God's sake say something!" he implored close to her ear.

"*Doucement!*" said Jean, pouring drops from his flask into her mouth.

Choking, Lise opened her eyes. She looked from one to the other. Blinking her eyes, she said: "What are we waiting for?"

At that moment, something told Michel that Lise had a charmed life. (In 1945, X-rays showed that Lise had smashed a vertebra in the middle of her back on this fall. It never healed. This item is not even mentioned in the list of ailments that still qualify her today, ten years later, to a one hundred per cent disability pension.)

They reached the hotel at 8 a.m. Lise went to her room, changed, washed and came down at 8.25 for a cup of coffee. She then caught the 8.30 bus for Annecy, where she went to call on Tom Morel.

In the meantime, Michel cleaned his shoes and generally marked time until 12.30, when Lise returned for lunch. After that he rowed her across the lake, where they called on Madame Frager—Paul's Russian wife—and told her that her husband would arrive from London later. They also took rooms in a small, quiet spot, well off the beaten track, which Michel wanted them to occupy that very evening. But Lise, who knew the situation more intimately than he, persuaded him that they still had thirty-six hours before Henri, the Abwehr officer, would make a move.

Michel ought to have dissuaded her from following this line of intuition, but as she had handled matters so successfully during his absence, he decided not to take the initiative out of her hands.

In the evening, Arnaud, relieved of his watch, joined them at the hotel, where they all dined together in a happy group. Michel gave him a message running: "R.A.F. and reception perfect stop all under control."

Bearing these "famous last words," the tired Arnaud, much against his will, returned by cycle to his hide-out nineteen kilometres away. They were to meet again the next day at a quiet spot by the roadside.

Lise retired to her room shortly afterwards, and Michel was not long in following suit. In the silent hotel only one light shone. It came from Jean Cottet's office, where he and Simone were doing the accounts.

Presently the front door opened and Louis "le Belge"—one of the couriers—came in. With a troubled look he told the proprietors that he was the bearer of bad news, that he had come as fast as possible to warn Lise, if she was still at the hotel, that Henri was about to strike.

Walked Into A Gun

As Louis "le Belge" was known to him, Jean told him to sit down while Simone went upstairs to fetch Lise. Knocking at her door, Simone said: "Louis 'le Belge' is downstairs. He's got something very urgent to tell you."

"I'll come right away," said Lise.

Suspecting nothing, she got into her dressing-gown and went downstairs. At the foot of the winding staircase she walked straight into Henri's gun.

"Don't try to warn Michel by shouting, Lise," he said suavely. "If you do, he's sure to jump out of the window, and I think I should tell you that the hotel is surrounded by Alpini troops who have orders to shoot."

Lise was stunned by the turn of events. She gave Louis a look of such utter contempt that the young man, who worked as an accomplice of the

WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM

PETER CHURCHILL and Odette spent twenty-five months in enemy hands. For the entire period, Odette was in solitary confinement; she was frequently tortured, but refused to betray her comrades. She and Peter were rescued by advancing Allied troops.

Arnaud, the wireless operator, was captured and executed; so was Gontrand, the garage owner, and Gisèle, of Cannes. Many of Churchill's comrades were captured but survived—among them Antoine, Marsac, Riquet and Thomas of Tournus.

Others were luckier and evaded arrest; they included Suzanne, who owned the Cannes beauty shop, Catherine, Jacques Langlois, Roger of Tournus, Favre, Milleau, and Jean and Simone Cottet.

Roger Bardet and Louis "le Belge" were condemned to death after the war as traitors, but were subsequently reprieved and released.

"Take a card—any card"

Gestapo and Roger Bardet, looked down at the ground in shame.

The hall seemed full of large men.

Henri continued on a quiet, firm note: "You've played the game well, Lise. But now it's over, so kindly lead us to Michel's room."

Realizing that if she did not comply with his wish there would be a room-to-room search, and fearing that the sound of footsteps in the corridors would result in Michel's jumping to his death, the unhappy Lise saw that the game was up.

With a heavy heart she took the enemy to the room of the man for whom she was then, and subsequently, prepared to lay down her life.

Michel's door was opened. When the light was switched on he awoke to find Henri, a Gestapo man and a member of the Italian secret police standing round his bed.

"What's your name?" asked the Gestapo man in fluent French.

"Chambrun," replied Michel, automatically giving his latest false name.

"Chambrun," repeated the tough, sarcastic voice, "or perhaps Chauvet. . . . They both mean Captain Peter Churchill, saboteur and filthy spy. Put up your hands!"

He Cursed Himself

Two automatics now pointed straight into his face. There was no possible argument. He was told to dress. He did so slowly and deliberately, all his faculties suddenly wide awake to everything, including the fact that this was the beginning of the last act. He cursed himself inwardly for having been caught asleep, for not having insisted on moving out.

Of course he would have a stab at escaping, but even that thought had lost its urgency, for success would only add to Lise's torment. Moreover, he had a feeling that without him she would never contemplate a solo attempt.

He did not notice that Lise, who had entered his room, was half-dressed below her dressing-gown, nor that she was quietly taking his wallet from his jacket hanging at the foot of his bed. It contained incriminating evidence and fresh radio codes for half a dozen operators, and about 30,000 francs.

Thoughtful as ever for Michel, Lise filled a small satchel with a change of clothes and spare handkerchiefs that lay littered around the room after the men's fruitless search for weapons and lethal tablets.

When she came back, dressed and ready, to find Michel standing there with the handcuffs on, she picked up a second coat and put it through his hands to cover the tell-tale steel. She smiled a hundred thoughts and prayers into his eyes.

Michel walked slowly along the passage of the Hotel de la Poste with leaden steps. Lise was beside him, and close behind he felt the invisible automatics pointing at their backs through mackintosh pockets.

Slowly the prisoners descended the staircase to the ground floor. In the hall stood Jean Cottet, all the blood drained from his face. Stopping at the foot of the steps, Michel looked at his friend—the instigator of the arming of the Maquis of Glieres, the man who had helped them without questioning.

"Monsieur Cottet," he said, "I'm sorry to have caused such trouble in your hotel. You couldn't possibly know that I was a British officer."

Jean shrugged his shoulders, thankfully taking the cue. "With all the comings and goings in this place, it's a little difficult to know exactly who everyone is. . . ."

They were now taken to a waiting car. Lise, pretending to fasten one of her suspenders, tucked Michel's wallet out of sight below the seat. No one saw this clever move. It did not matter that Roger Bardet's betrayal already ran into ten typed sheets. The names of the men tucked away below the rear seat were unknown and would remain so, with any luck, for ever. The man who found the wallet would be pleased to transfer the 30,000 francs to his own pocket and consign any odd slips of paper to the fire.

As the door of his first filthy hovel slammed behind him in one of the guardroom cells of the Annecy barracks, Michel's heart sank into his boots. He felt like a wild animal whose momentary unwariness has made him drop into a deep pit from which there is no getting out.

Lise Did Not Sleep

Lise, lying on a camp bed in one of the offices, found no sleep that night. Conscious that Henri had sprung the trap before the time her intuition had wrongly anticipated, she had now to pay the awful price for this miscalculation in the knowledge that her commanding officer had to share in what she was fully prepared to face alone.

Despite the heaviness of her soul, Lise was determined—as Michel had foreseen at their very first meeting—to bear the ignominy of it all with the same equanimity as that with which she had accepted her short moments of triumph. She was also to display such dignity of bearing throughout her long torment that she invested her captivity with a glory that even put her jailers to shame.

So Lise and Michel entered the parallel tunnels of their solitary passage through the valley of the shadow—towards death or survival. THE END

Captain Churchill's story will be published next month by Hodder and Stoughton at 12s. 6d., entitled "Duel Of Wits"

"HAVE A HAMMERTON FOR ZEST"

Hammerton Oatmeal Stout

A WATNEY BREW

SMITHS ALARMS RULE THE ROOST

THE ALARMS WITH THE AUTOMATIC RESET

You wind alarm at night and knob at top automatically comes up. When alarm rings in morning you simply press knob to stop. Choose from the finest range of alarms in the world . . . the simplest, the most efficient!

NEW DAWN
In ivory, blue or green, cast base.
Fully luminous, **26'3.**
Pressed base. Non luminous, **21'6,**
Spot luminous, **23'9.**

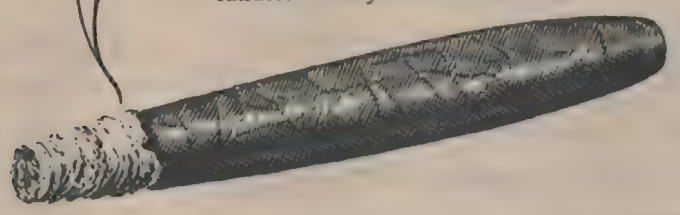
All Smiths Alarms are fully guaranteed for 12 months, and sold by all leading Jewellers at prices from **19s.**

WREN
Charming design, fully luminous, in Ivory or Bordeaux, **26'3.** Non luminous in Blue, Green or Ivory, **23'9.**

SMITHS ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD. *The Clock and Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.*

There's a lot of good smoking in this little cigar . . .

. . . at least 25 minutes' real enjoyment.
That's 7½d. well spent. Good leaf, well blended, makes Wills's Whiffs one of life's little luxuries that you *can* afford.



So more and more men say "Give me WILLS'S WHIFFS any day!"

The little cigar with the BIG reputation

3 for **1/10d.** · **6** for **3/7½d.**

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. WW32A

ALONG MY LINE

Continued from page 16

back to England (which I did not mind doing) to a job in Hertfordshire (which I soon minded very much).

It was the last time I ever worked as a schoolmaster in a Catholic private school. I quickly came to dislike the headmaster as much as he disliked me.

This narrow man certainly believed in keeping ushers in their place. It was bad enough having to take my place among the boys while the Head sat, arrogant and aloof, at his family table. It was much worse to be given the same food doled out to those poor boys.

At breakfast, the tantalizing smell of coffee would drift across to our table while we buried our noses in lukewarm, wishy-washy tea made with milk and sugar already mixed in an urn. There were all kinds of fine-smelling hams and savories which we were only allowed to sniff as we bit into our "bread and scrape."

Lunch was not so bad, but in the evening, when the boys had gone to bed, the members of the staff were given dreary things like shepherd's pie and warmed-up cold meat while, at the other end of the room, the headmaster and his next-of-kin were served with splendid five-course dinners.

Kept Pupils In Place

Children can be extremely cruel. They will winkle out a teacher's slightest weakness and exploit it. During my teaching days I always tried to recognize each child's individual bent, encouraging his proper enthusiasms while at the same time curbing his excesses. Never did I place myself in a position where they could begin to patronize me or call me by my Christian name—as I have seen some masters do, to the ultimate disintegration of their command over their pupils.

The only time I ever had trouble with a class of big boys was when I asked a notorious trouble-maker to leave the class.

"Who, sir? Me, sir? Why, sir?" he asked with dreary facetiousness.

"Because you are making a fool of yourself," I told him, "and it does not amuse me to see a lad of your age acting so stupidly." The boy did not move.

"All right," I said. "If you won't go, I will."

Still the boy refused to move. So I left the classroom.

I am glad to say that the others made the offender go out and asked me to come back again. Some may say that all this is merely being pompous. I do not agree. This boy afterwards thanked me for making him realize how stupidly ill-mannered he had been, and we became good friends.

Parents were often a far bigger problem. One of my pupils was the son of a noted comedian. I did not know this until, one morning in class, the boy himself told me.

"How interesting," I commented. "It must be a very difficult job. There is nothing more exacting than trying to make people laugh."

This was meant to be complimentary and reassuring. The boy had given me the impression, by his manner, that he was socially unsure of himself because of his father's work. My remark was taken as an insult, however. The boy wrote complaining to his father, who in turn complained to the headmaster.

"What on earth do you mean by telling the boy that his father isn't funny?" the Head asked me.

"I did nothing of the kind," I replied. "All I did was to say how difficult his job must be."

"That's the same thing, surely?" asked the Head.

"Not at all," I said. "I was trying to make the boy proud to have such a skilled father."

"Well, don't let it happen again," the headmaster replied, unconvinced.

The Outraged General

Then there was the sad case of the general's son. This lad's ancestors had been in the army as far back as the records could go. It did not occur to anyone that he did not wish to become a soldier as well. One day he confided to me that he wanted to become a veterinary surgeon. There was enough of the family blood in him to make him a horse-lover. Unlike his father and two brothers, however, he wanted to do more than just ride them. So after I heard that he had failed to pass his entrance examination for Woolwich, I sent him a letter in which I wrote: "I am not sorry you failed. You will be better employed curing sick horses than killing healthy men."

Unfortunately for the boy, the general found my letter. A few days later I was summoned to the headmaster's study.

"Am I to understand that you are preaching seditious nonsense to the boys?" he fumed.

I asked him to explain.

"Take a look at this," he said, passing me a letter. It was from the general and couched in the most violent terms. It ended by recommending that I should be horsewhipped. "And so you should," added the headmaster.

A few years later the boy was one of the first to be killed in action in the second World War.

A Chill Christmas

The Christmas holiday of 1932 found me in Bradford, very depressed and—as usual, penniless. I stayed with my mother at the Bowling Park Institution and it was my custom to go to the police courts and quarter sessions for the lack of something better to do.

Inevitably, I made friends among the constables and officials. One day I mentioned to one of these that I was dissatisfied with my teaching work, and more than certain that I would soon be obliged to give in my notice. He said: "Why not join the police force?" I laughed at the idea.

On going home, however, I found myself seriously considering the possibility. Then I met Mr. Petty, Deputy

Hurrah

What's more-we Mothers know

the family needs nourishing, energy-giving breakfasts to start the day well — that's why Scott's is so popular with us. It's so quickly prepared, too, and so easy on the purse.

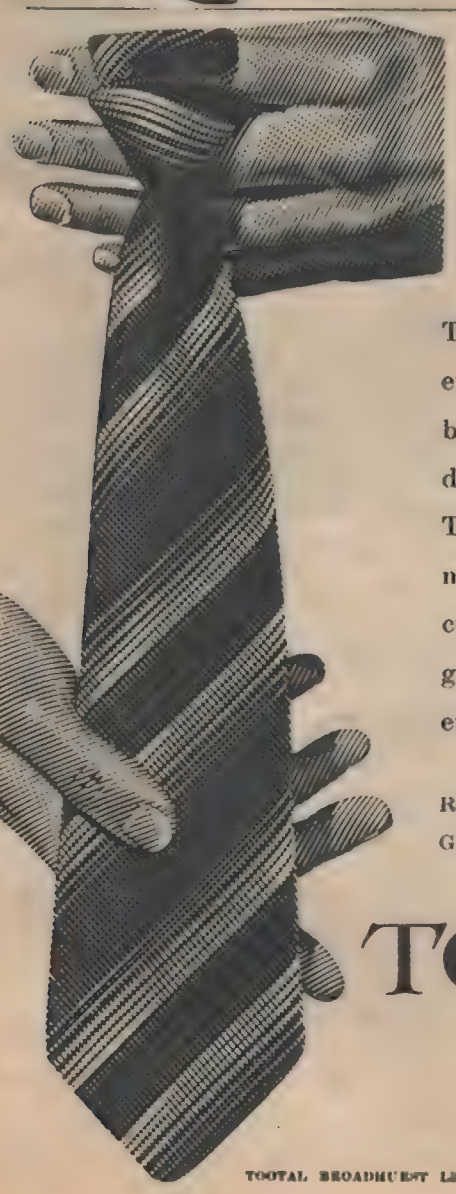
FOR THE CREAMIEST PORRIDGE THERE IS!

. . . that's what we say at our house — we think Scott's is great

Yes, "Scott's-for-breakfast" families all agree — there's no porridge so tempting as creamy Scott's, the porridge that comes to you from Scotland with the real Scottish Oats flavour.

Scott's FOR BREAKFAST

gives them the right start



every man needs

There are TOOTAL Ties to suit every activity from banking to bird-watching, and dozens of designs. Every man needs TOOTAL Ties. They are washable and marked TEBILIZED for tested crease-resistance and TOOTAL guaranteed. And very important, every man can afford TOOTAL Ties.

Red Quality 3/- Blue Quality 4/-
Green Quality 4/- Black Quality 5/- Boys' 3/-

TOOTAL REGD.
TIES

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD. 56 OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER 1

don't FLOP – have a FLIP

Home comes the careworn business man, fit only to flop in an armchair. Down goes a glass of Seagers Egg Flip. And out breezes a sprightly feller, ready for anything. Wine—eggs—sugar. That's the stuff to flip away the flops and put you on your feet! Keep a bottle handy to cheer yourself and the favoured guest.

17/6 a bottle, 9/3 half-bottle

SEAGERS EGG FLIP

Insist on genuine Egg Flip

NEW!

REMINGTON

Quiet-riter

The Portable with all modern features! Including Miracle Tab

PRICE £31.10.0 HIRE PURCHASE TERMS AVAILABLE

What do you want for the money you spend on a portable typewriter? Appearance that does credit to your taste? Performance that matches your typing style? All the refinement for ease and speed that you'd find on a standard typewriter? The new Remington Quiet-riter gives all these—and more! Miracle Tab for easier tabulation; new paper bail; light segment shift; simplified ribbon-changer; crisp, clean, beautiful printwork. These are just four of many new features that make Quiet-riter the personal machine for you.

Made in Great Britain, available from all high-class dealers.

Write for descriptive leaflet to (Dept QR 155)

Remington Rand Ltd

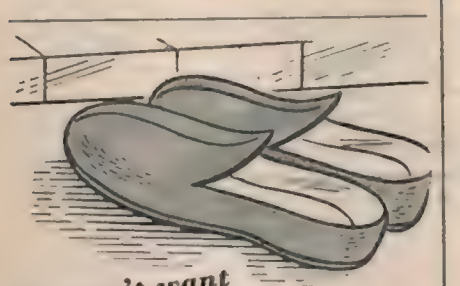
1-19 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

X-rays on Indigestion

This X-ray experiment carried out by an eminent radiologist will interest every sufferer from indigestion and similar stomach disorders.

A patient suffering from acute indigestion was X-rayed first before and then two hours after a meal. The second X-ray plate showed that the stomach was distended by undigested food. Repeating the experiment later, the patient was given a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia after his meal. This time the X-ray photograph showed that there was practically no distension — thanks to 'Bismag' digestion was proceeding normally.

This was just a single experiment, of course, but all over the world, in 45 different countries, millions of sufferers depend on this scientifically balanced antacid prescription for quicker, surer relief. Ask your chemist for 'Bismag'—75 tablets for 1/8d.



He won't want to go out tonight!

A snug, neat fire radiates grand heat without waste from a fireplace made safe and sound with

Purimachos

PLASTIC FIRE CEMENT

in the "Blue & White tin" for setting and repairing fireplaces
1 lb. 1/3 — 2 lb. 2/3 — 4 lb. 4/-
Name of nearest stockists from:
PURIMACHOS LIMITED, 20 ST. PHILLIPS, BRISTOL, 2

Chief Constable of Bradford, who remarked on my woebegone appearance. I told him also how fed up I was. To my surprise, he also suggested I become a policeman, with the idea of perhaps becoming an education officer in due course.

So, after a hurried visit south to tell my indignant employer that I would rather pound the beat than be his slave, I was sworn in to the office of constable, vowing to "serve our Lord the King and to be diligent in the prevention of felonies both by day and by night."

My first experience of wearing uniform was unpleasant. For years I had slouched about quite happily in flannels or comfortable suits. In those days the uniform was even more stuffy than it is now. For weeks I could not get accustomed to the fact that my uniform automatically set me apart from my fellow men.

If, while travelling on trams, I attempted to pass the time of day with someone in the next seat, or merely to discuss, say, the political situation in Manchuria, I found the other person coughing nervously and turning quickly to contemplate the multiple stores and warehouses of beautiful Bradford.

A Foolish Threat

I now realize that, in those days, many people were alienated from the police as the result of hearing the threat, when children, that the policeman would take them away if they did not eat, or wash themselves, or in some other way fail to please their inane elders. This cowardly form of intimidation is not so rampant now, but there are still foolish parents who damage the young minds under their care with such vicious talk.

There is nothing more horrible in the way of headgear than a policeman's helmet. It took me weeks to accustom myself to peering out from under this clumsy, ugly piece of uniform, and sudden glimpses of myself while wearing it were quite unnerving. I was also obliged, in my journeys between the police station and the Bowling Park Institution, where I lived with my mother, the matron, to carry a nasty little regulation issue "attaché-case," a piece of equipment as ugly and ridiculous as the word itself. These mock-leather cases contained our gym clothes.

Every afternoon during my preliminary training we had drill and P.T. The drill was on the Guards plan. Our instructor being an ex-Guardsman, we had, as he never ceased to tell us, to step lively. This gentleman seemed to take particular pleasure in showing up and humiliating people like me whose reactions to command were, owing to lack of practice and excessive fat, rather slow.

"Pick 'em up, Harding!" he would yell when my knees were already brushing my chin. "Look lively!" he would bawl after having done his damnedest to knock all the life out of me.

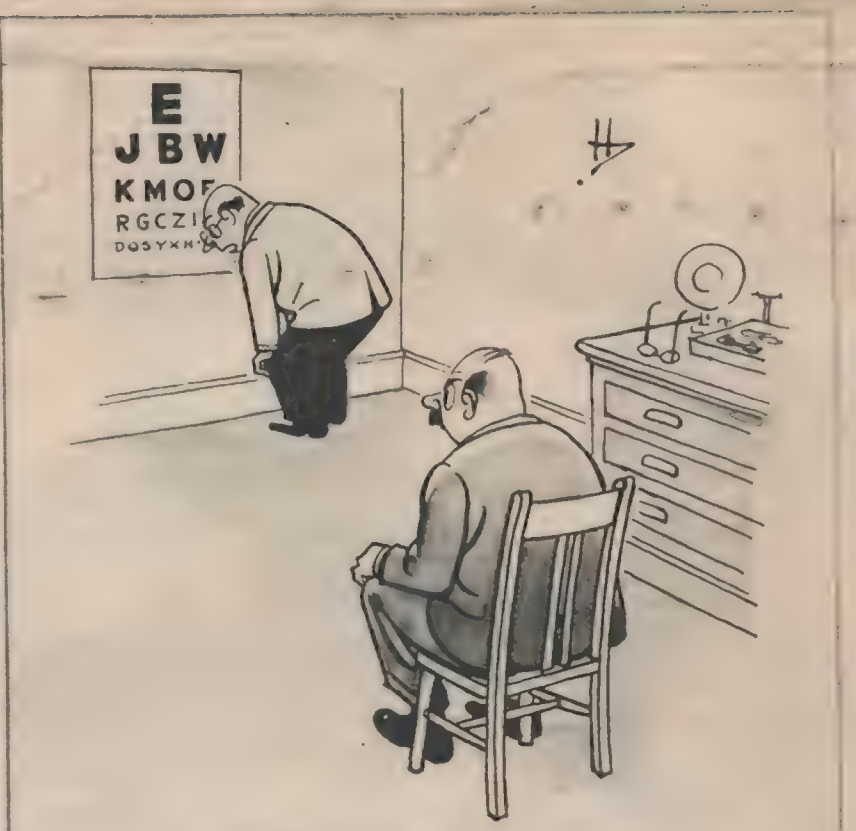
I remember one occasion when, having failed to form fours (or was it threes?), I was obliged to double up and down a fire escape until I was physically sick with exhaustion—unfortunately not on him but on myself.

Injured His Leg

During this period of training, which lasted for thirteen weeks, a small and quite silly accident occurred. The fact that, through it, I dislocated my patella, or split a cartilage, seemed a small matter at the time. At worst, it should have meant a short spell of light duty. As it turned out, it was to terminate my career as a policeman almost before it had started.

In vain had I protested that I was too unpractised to be compelled to vault over a leather-covered stool known as a horse, and for once I proved to be an accurate prophet of woe. Half-leaping, half-scrambling, I heaved my not inconsiderable weight over this contraption, only to find myself in a pain-racked, crippled heap in a cloud of dust on a dirty mat. My leg has never been the same again.

NEXT WEEK: Out on the beat with Police Constable 255



"I'm afraid you're wrong—it's an H"

HORNBLOWER OF THE ATROPOS

Continued from page 28

stiff in a breeze or crank, handy or awkward under sail.

He could not reach a decision about that until the rest of the stores were on board and he had had an opportunity of observing her trim.

Jones was hastening across the deck to touch his hat to him. "Last of the powder's just coming aboard, sir."

"Thank you, Mr. Jones. Have the hulk warped back to her moorings. Mr. Owen can send the powder boys here to put the shot in the garlands as they come on board."

"Aye aye, sir."

And now the gig was coming back across the river with Carslake sitting in the stern.

"Well, Mr. Carslake, how did the victualling yard receive those indents?"

"They've accepted them, sir. They'll have the stores on the quayside tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow? Didn't you listen to my orders, Mr. Carslake? I don't want to have to put a black mark against your name. Mr. Jones! I'm going over to the victualling yard. Come back with me, Mr. Carslake."

THE victualling yard was a department of the Navy Office, not of the Admiralty. The officials there had to be approached differently from those of the dockyard.

"I can bring my own men to do the work," said Hornblower. "You needn't use your own gangs at all."

"M'm," said the victualling superintendent.

"I would be most deeply obliged to you," went on Hornblower. "You need only instruct one of your clerks to point out the stores to the officer in command of my working party. Everything else will be attended to. I beg of you, sir."

It was highly gratifying to a Navy Office official to have a captain, metaphorically, on his knees to him in this fashion. Hornblower could see the satisfaction in the fellow's fat face. He wanted to wipe it off with his fist, but he kept himself humble.

"There's the matter of those stores you have condemned," said the superintendent.

"My court of inquiry was in due form," said Hornblower.

"Yes," said the superintendent thoughtfully.

"Of course, I can return you the hogsheads," suggested Hornblower. "I was intending to do so as soon as I had emptied the beef over into the tide."

"No, please do not go to that trouble. Return me the full hogsheads."

The working of the minds of these government jacks-in-office was beyond normal understanding. If the hogsheads were returned to them, no mention of the condemnation need be made officially, and presumably they could be palmed off again on some other ship that might go to sea without the opportunity of sampling the stuff first. Sailors fighting for their country might starve as long as the victualling yard's records were unsmirched.

"I'll return the full hogsheads gladly, sir," said Hornblower. "I'll send them over to you in the lighter that brings the other stores over."

"That might do very well," said the superintendent.

HORNBLOWER bowed with all the unction he could command; this was not the moment to spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar. He bowed himself out before the discussion could be reopened.

The powder hulk had been warped back to her moorings; the other ordnance stores that were being taken on board seemed trifling in appearance: bundles of wads, and bales of empty serge cartridges, a couple of sheaves of flexible rammers, spare gun-trucks, reels of slow-match—the multifarious accessories necessary to keep twenty-two guns in action. Hornblower sent off Midshipman Smiley with the working party promised to the victualling yard.

"Now I'll have those condemned hogsheads got up on deck, Mr. Carslake. I must keep my promise to return them."

"Aye aye, sir," said Carslake.

Carslake was a bull-headed, youngish man with expressionless pale blue eyes. Those eyes were even more expressionless than usual. He had been a witness of the interview between Hornblower and the superintendent, and he did not allow his feelings to show.

"I'll mark 'em before I return 'em," said Hornblower.

He had thought of paint when he had been so accommodating towards the superintendent, but was not quite so happy in his mind about it, for turpentine would remove paint fast enough. A better idea occurred to him, marvellously, at that very moment.

"Have the cook relight the fire in

Yes Sir!

BRYLCREEM

YOUR HAIR

for the ★ CLEAN smart look

Brylcreem is different — you can tell that at once. Different because its pure oils are emulsified to prevent excessive oiliness; because its not greasy, not messy. Different because it grooms your hair the healthy way, gives that *clean*, smart look which goes hand in hand with success. Brylcreem *your* hair and see the difference. Ask for Brylcreem, in tubs 1/6, 2/3 and 4/1, or handy tubes 2/3.

BRYLCREEM YOUR HAIR

BECAUSE Brylcreem contains valuable tonic ingredients and natural *emulsified* oils.

BECAUSE Brylcreem gives the *double* benefit of day-long smartness and lasting hair health.

BECAUSE Brylcreem ensures a clean scalp, free from dandruff.

BRYLCREEM — THE PERFECT HAIRDRESSING

royds 152/93

INSIDE EVERY COPY

FREE 16-page detachable KNITTING BOOKLET

WOMAN—out Thursday, October 22—is a highly exciting, extra-large issue. 64 BIG pages, with more and more pages of really gorgeous full-colour . . . and inside every copy, a 16-page detachable knitting booklet full of wonderful new designs to knit for all the family, with complete instructions and clear illustrations. Full-colour brings greater beauty to many of these designs.

WOMAN is already the greatest weekly in the world for women—its absolute sheer value, its superb fiction, invaluable articles and glowing colour are attracting more and more readers every week. There is only one way to make certain *You* have *Your* copy—PLACE A REGULAR ORDER WITH YOUR NEWSAGENT NOW.

More wonderful contents in this issue of

Woman

EVELYN HOME continues her intimate series LESSONS IN LOVING, helping people in trouble with her understanding advice. Teenagers get special beauty treatment in an article designed for them by our Beauty Editor . . . Hardy Amies offers a special pattern of a go-everywhere wool dress . . . BUCKINGHAM PALACE CHEF tells more fascinating stories of cooking for Royalty . . . and there are pages and pages of practical suggestions, scintillating full-colour in this top-value wonder issue.

64 BIG PAGES

NEWS FOR KNITTERS

LOOK what delights to expect in your knitting booklet!

A twinset for you, a waistcoat for him, a Fairisle cardigan for a little child or a cable pullover for a 9-11 year old—plus, a baby frock, a teenage twinset, a cardigan—nine new patterns in all for you to knit.

FREE £400 KNIT-A-SQUARE CONTEST

You can still enter our great FREE competition any odd piece of wool and one evening's work—that's all—see the details in WOMAN, out Thursday, October 22. And, don't forget, not only can you win a big prize—you do a good deed if you enter, for the knitted squares go to the W.V.S. to be made up into coverlets for the sick and aged.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST WEEKLY FOR WOMEN

Woman

OUT THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22

"We're ready to go now, Charlie . . . ! Charlie . . . ! *Charlie!*"

the galley," he ordered. "I'll have—I'll have a couple of iron musket ramrods heated in the fire. Get them from the armourer, if you please."

"Aye aye, sir. If you please, sir, it's long past the hands' dinner-time."

"When I've time for my own dinner, the hands can have theirs," said Hornblower.

The first of the condemned hogsheads came creaking and swaying up from the hold and was lowered to the deck. Hornblower looked round him; there was Horrocks with the young prince, quite bewildered with all the continuous bustle, trailing after him.

"You'll do, Mr. Horrocks. Come here," said Hornblower. He took the chalk from beside the slate at the binnacle, and wrote with it, in large letters diagonally round the hogshead, the word "Condemned." "There are two irons heating in the galley fire. You and Mr. Prince can spend your time branding these hogsheads. Trace out those letters on every one. Understand?"

"Er—yes, sir."

"Good and deep, so there is no chance of planing it off. Look sharp about it."

"Aye aye, sir."

THE next lighter for the dockyard was alongside now, at the port side recently vacated by the powder hulk. It was full of boatswain's stores, cordage, canvas, paint; and a weary party of men were at work swaying the bundles up. There seemed no end to this business of getting Atropos fully equipped for sea. Hornblower himself felt as leg-weary as a foundered horse, and he stiffened himself up to conceal his fatigue.

Later—ever so much later, it seemed—Mr. Jones came up and touched his hat.

"The last of the stores are on board, sir," he said. "Mr. Smiley's just returning the victualling yard's lighter."

"Thank you, Mr. Jones. Call away my gig, please."

The winter afternoon was dissolving in a cold and gloomy drizzle as a small rain was beginning to fall. Hornblower had himself rowed round his ship, at a convenient distance, to observe her trim. He looked at her from ahead, from broadside on, from astern.

In his mind's eye, Hornblower was visualizing her underwater lines. He looked up at the spread of her lower yards; the wind would be pressing against the canvas there, and he worked out the balance of the forces involved, wind against lateral resistance, rudder versus headsails. He had to consider seaworthiness and handiness as well as speed.

He climbed back on deck to where Jones was awaiting him.

"I want her more down by the head," he announced. "I'll have those beef casks at the for'rard end of the tier, and the shot for'rard of the magazine. Get the hands to work, if you please."

Once more the pipes shrilled through the ship as the hands began to move the stores ranged upon the deck. It was with anxiety that Hornblower's return was awaited from his next pull round the ship.

"She'll do for the present," said Hornblower.

It was not a casual decision, no stage-effect. The moment Atropos should clear the land, she would be in danger: she might find herself in instant action. She was only a little ship; even a well-found privateer might give her a hard battle. The lives of his crew, his professional reputation, could hang on that decision.

"You can strike everything below now, Mr. Jones."

Slowly, the littered decks began to clear, while the rain grew heavier and the night began to close in round the little ship.

Hornblower stood aft by the taffrail while the rain streamed down on him. He had not gone below; this might be part of the penance he was inflicting on himself for not having sufficiently supervised the management of his ship.

"The decks are cleared, sir," said Jones, looming up in the wet darkness.

"Very well, Mr. Jones. When everything is swabbed down, the men can have their dinners."

The little cabin down below was cold and dark and cheerless. Two canvas chairs and a trestle-table stood in the day cabin; in the night cabin there was nothing at all. The oil-lamp shone gloomily over the bare planks of the deck under his feet. Hornblower could call for his gig again; it would whisk him fast enough half a mile downstream to Deptford Hard, and there at the George were his wife and his children. There would be a roaring fire of sea-coal, a spluttering beef steak with cabbage, a feather bed with the sheets made almost too hot to bear by the application of a warming-pan.

His chilled body and aching legs yearned inexpressibly for that care and warmth. But in his present mood he would have none of them. Instead, he dined, shivering, off ship's fare hastily laid out for him on the trestle-table. He had a hammock slung for himself in the night cabin, and he climbed into it and wrapped himself in clammy blankets. He had not lain in a hammock since he was a midshipman, and his spine had grown unused to the necessary curvature. He was too numb, both mentally and physically, to feel any glow of conscious virtue.

FOG in the Downs, cold, dense and impenetrable over the surface of the sea. There was no breath of air to set it stirring; overside, the surface of the sea, just visible when Hornblower looked down at it from the deck, was black and glassy. Only close against the side could be detected the faintest of ripples, showing how the tide was coursing beside the ship as she lay anchored in the Downs. Condensing on the rigging overhead, the fog dripped in melancholy fashion on to the deck about him, an occasional drop landing with a dull impact on his cocked hat; the heavy frieze pea-jacket that he wore looked as if it were frosted with the moisture that hung upon it. Yet it was not freezing weather, although Hornblower felt chilled through and

18/- *a bottle*
half flask 9/6

OTHER POPULAR GILBEY PORTS

	per bottle
Special Reserve	*18/6*
White Port -	*18/6*
Diploma - -	*19/-*
Old J - - -	*21/-*

Also in half flasks

Triple Crown Port

is a delightful full-bodied port

produced by the people who made port famous

YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT **GILBEY'S**

Why *MOTHERS* feel

TIRED

The cause may be

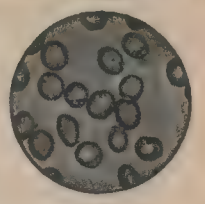
IRON-VITAMIN

deficiency—

When your body lacks IRON the red cells in your blood become fewer and paler. When this happens you feel *tired, nervy, breathless, run down.*

IRON ALONE IS NOT ENOUGH

To restore your full health and vigour you *must* put the essential iron back in your blood. But your run-down system needs other help, too. That is why Dr. Cassells Tablets also contain such important ingredients as Copper Sulphate (to enable your body to absorb the iron), Calcium Phosphate (a valuable source of calcium and phosphorus), together with Vitamin B_1 (the energy vitamin) and Caffeine which have a tonic effect on the nervous system. If you are experiencing any of the symptoms listed below Dr. Cassells Tablets will enrich your blood with iron, tone up your whole system, and give you back—as it has done for thousands of others—the healthy energy that makes life worth while.



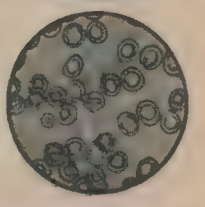


Photo-micrographs showing (above) normal blood cells, and (below) pale, hypochromic cells from a case of iron-deficiency anaemia. Reproduced from HEMATOLOGY by Prof. Willis M. Fowler, M.D., Department of Internal Medicine, University of Iowa. Published by Paul B. Hoeber, Inc.

REMARKABLE PROOF **Healthy blood contains between 4,500,000 and 6,300,000 red cells in every cubic millimetre. In a case where the red blood count was down to 3,800,000 *a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets increased the number to 5,300,000 in 32 days.* It is these red blood cells, remember, which contain the vital IRON your system must have to keep you well.**

TAKE* Dr CASSELLS TABLETS *NOW

for Simple Anaemia · Listlessness · Nervousness · General Debility
Poor Appetite · Frequent Headaches · Constant Fatigue · Irritability
Sleeplessness · Inability to Concentrate · Susceptibility to Infection and Slow Powers of Recovery.

IMPORTANT. **If after a fair trial of Dr. Cassells Tablets you feel no appreciable benefit you should see your doctor without delay.**

Prices 1/7 & 3/10

...ARE DOCTORS EVER OFF DUTY?
YOU WEREN'T AT THE YOUTH CLUB COMMITTEE — WE MISSED YOU MISS JAMES
YES DOCTOR. I'VE FELT SO OFF-COLOUR LATELY. I MUST COME FOR YOUR ADVICE
NOTHING SERIOUS. THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS YOU WON'T BOTHER TO EAT PROPER MEALS! NOW HERE'S MY ADVICE ABOUT THAT
HULLO MARY. I'M JUST GETTING SOME BURGUNDY. DOCTOR'S ADVICE YOU KNOW!
ASK FOR KEYSTONE BURGUNDY—I KNOW IT'S GOOD, AND IT BUCKED ME UP NO END
KEYSTONE WITH MEALS DOES MAKE THEM SO APPETISING, AND IT'S DOING ME GOOD ALREADY
Keystone
BURGUNDY

KEYSTONE

AUSTRALIAN BURGUNDY

STILL ONLY 11/6 A FLAGON

5/9 A HALF FLAGON

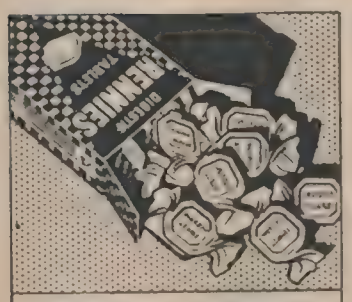
6d. extra deposit (returnable) on both sizes

Delights the palate, creates appetite, makes every meal a banquet

Bottled and guaranteed by Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., London, E.3 (19)

Is your stomach its own enemy?

Surplus stomach acid, not food, causes pain



ALWAYS KEEP A PACKET OF RENNIES IN THE HOME

Each tablet is individually wrapped, which means you can always have two or three in your pocket or purse so as to be indigestion-free when eating out.

Pain after meals is not so much caused by the food you eat, as by the excess of stomach acid that food has produced. Rennies will neutralise this surplus stomach acid. The pain will disappear and the digestion will return to normal. Thus, foods you like but are afraid to eat can be enjoyed without the risk of after-meal agony. Rennies taken immediately after food stop the pain, before it starts, safely and quickly. If Rennies don't relieve your indigestion, it's high time you saw a doctor. Rennies are available everywhere at 2/8d., 1/6d. and 9½d.

DIGESTIF **RENNIES**

NEUTRALISE SURPLUS STOMACH ACID

through inside his layers of clothing as he turned back from his gloomy contemplation of the sea.

"Now, Mr. Jones," he said, "we'll start again. We'll have topmasts and yards struck—all top hamper down and stowed away. Order 'out pipes,' if you please."

"Aye aye, sir," said Jones.

The hands had already spent half the morning at sail drill; Hornblower was taking advantage of the fogbound calm to exercise his ship's company.

He took note of the position of the minute hand of his watch and nodded to Jones. Instantly came a roar of orders; the men, already called to attention after their brief stand-easy, came pouring aft with their petty officers urging them on. Watch in hand, Hornblower stood back by the taffrail.

From where he stood, only the lower part of the main rigging was visible; the foremast was completely hidden in fog. The hands went hurrying up the ratlines, Hornblower watching keenly to see what proportion of them were vague about their stations and duties.

Here was the prince, hurried along by Horrocks with a hand at his shoulder.

"Come on," said Horrocks, leaping at the ratlines.

The prince sprang up beside him. Hornblower could see the bewildered expression on the boy's face. He had small enough idea of what he was doing. He would learn, no doubt—he was learning much even from the fact that the blood-royal, the King's nephew, could be shoved about by the plebeian hand of a midshipman.

Hornblower got out of the way as the mizzen topsail came swaying down. Jones, his head drawn back so that his Adam's apple protruded apparently by inches, was bellowing the next orders to the masthead. A shout from above answered him. Down the ratlines came a flood of men again.

"Let go! Haul! Lower away!"

The mizzen topsail yard turned in a solemn arc and made its slow descent down the mast. The complicated and difficult business of striking the topmasts followed.

"An hour and a quarter, Mr. Jones. More nearly an hour and twenty minutes. Far too long. Half an hour—half an hour with five minutes' grace; that's the longest you should ever take."

"Yes, sir," said Jones. There was nothing else he could say.

As Hornblower was eyeing him before giving his next orders, a faint dull thud came to his ears, sounding flatly through the fog. A musket shot? A pistol shot? That was certainly what it sounded like, but with the fog changing the quality of all the sounds, he could not be sure. Even if it were a shot, fired in one of the numerous invisible ships round about, there might be endless innocent explanations of it; and it might not be a shot. A hatch cover dropped on a deck, a grating being pushed into place—it could be anything.

"Five minutes' stand-easy," said Hornblower. "And, Mr. Jones, you had better station a good petty officer at that mainstay tackle."

"Aye aye, sir."

Hornblower turned away to give Jones an opportunity to arrange his reorganization. He set himself to walk the deck to bring some life back into his cold body; his watch was still in his hand through sheer forgetfulness to replace it in his pocket. He ended his walk at the ship's side, glancing over into the black water.

Now what was that floating down beside the ship? Something long and black; as he watched, it swung solemnly round, drawn by the tide, and came down towards him. It was an oar.

"Here, quartermaster," said Hornblower. "Get down into the mizzen chains with a line to catch that oar."

It was only an oar. Hornblower looked it over as the quartermaster held it for his inspection. The leather button was fairly well worn—it was by no means a new oar. On the other hand, judging by the fact that the leather was not entirely soaked through, it had not long been in the water, minutes rather than days.

There was the number "27" burned into the loom, and it was that which caused Hornblower to look more sharply. The 7 bore a crossbar. No Englishman ever wrote a 7 with a crossbar. But everyone on the Continent did; there were Danes and Swedes and Norwegians, Russians and Prussians, at sea, either neutrals in the war or allies of England. Yet a Frenchman or a Dutchman, one of England's enemies, would also write a 7 in that way.

And there had certainly been something that sounded like a shot. A floating oar and a musket shot made a combination that would be hard to explain. Now if they had been connected in causation. . . ! Hornblower still had his watch in his hand. That shot—if it was a shot—had made itself heard just before he gave the order for stand-easy, seven or eight minutes ago. The tide was running at a good two knots. If the shot had caused the oar to be dropped into the water it must have been fired a quarter of a mile or so—two cables' length—upstream. The quartermaster, still holding the oar, was looking at him curiously, and Jones was waiting, with the men poised for action, for his next orders. Hornblower was tempted to pay no attention to the incident.

But he was a King's officer, and it was his duty to make inquiry into the unexplainable at sea. He hesitated in inward debate; the fog was horribly thick. If he sent a boat to investigate, it would probably lose itself; Hornblower had had much experience of making his way by boat in a fog-ridden anchorage. Then he would go himself.

"Mr. Jones," he said, "call away my gig."

"Aye aye, sir," said Jones, the astonishment in his voice hardly concealed at all.

Hornblower walked to the binnacle and took a careful reading of how the ship's head lay. North by east half east. As the ship lay riding to her anchor bows to the tide, he could be sure that the oar had come down from that direction.

"I want a good boat compass in the gig, Mr. Jones, if you please."

"Aye aye, sir."

Hornblower hesitated before the last final order, which would commit him to a public admission that he thought there was a chance of something serious awaiting him in the fog.

"Pistols and cutlasses for the gig's crew, Mr. Jones, if you please."

"Aye aye, sir," said Jones, as if nothing could astonish him again.

Hornblower turned back as he was about to step down into the boat.

"I shall start timing you from this moment, Mr. Jones. Try to get those tops'l yards across in half an hour from now—I'll be back before then."

"Aye aye, sir."

The ship broke into a roar of activity as Hornblower took his place in the stern-sheets of the gig.

"I'll take the tiller," he said to the coxswain. "Give way."

He steered the gig along the Atropos from stern to bow. He took one last

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Messy discontent

NO one willingly makes a daily mess of his life. Yet most of us do so because we refuse to believe that contentment depends on our own thoughts and actions.

We keep expecting someone else to give it to us. They won't—because they can't.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

NESTLÉ's

a *very* good name for milk chocolate

" Marvellous chocolate! " say some. " Mouth-watering . . . delicious! " say others. We at Nestlé's are content to claim that Nestlé's Milk Chocolate is very good indeed — just about as nice as milk chocolate can be.

she's putting in warm winters

— and it couldn't be easier!

You don't *install* an ABM Allnite: it's merely a matter of 'out of the crate–into the grate!' No cementing! No bolting down! The ABM Allnite is completely assembled and ready for immediate use! It fits most 16" fires – if you need to make it extra snug, just open out the side wings and tighten up two screws!

79/-

Cream or black enamel
Marble finish 88/6
Copper Lustre 94/-

Serial No. ★ 1000 BRITISH GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE GUARANTEES

- ★ Remove it when you want!
- ★ Doesn't become 'landlord's property'
- ★ Passed by Ministry of Fuel and Power for *continuous* burning

If difficult to obtain, let us know who is your nearest ironmonger

ABM ALLNITE

ASSOCIATED BUILDERS MERCHANTS LIMITED

Dept. J.B., 10 Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4.

"Look who's here!"

BY APPOINTMENT WINE MERCHANTS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

SANDEMAN PORT or SHERRY

"You'll like it"

HE'LL PAY COURT TO

Silken Sheen!

THE GLADNESS of your greeting: your silky, shining hair—these endearing things make him long to see you again and again. You can give your hair the rich, soft lustre of candlelit crystal if you use 'Vaseline' Brand Soapless Shampoo. It rinses out *completely*. It's actually *good* for your hair—can't dry it out. Buy a packet today. NOW 4½D

Vaseline

SOAPLESS SHAMPOO

Makes your hair clean—gives it silken sheen

20-53-12

® 'Vaseline' is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.

"Stripe me pink!

Mint Spangles"

Fresh! Refreshing! Unusually delicious!
Mint Spangles-another sweet treat
by Mars. Only 3d a packet

P.S. Better get a packet of these wonderful fruity Spangles too!

Handily packed, delicious to eat, SPANGLES are the favourite sweet!

OVALTINE

The World's Best Nightcap

A CUP of 'Ovaltine' at bedtime helps to relax nervous tensions and promote the conditions favourable to natural, refreshing sleep. Made from Nature's best foods, its valuable nutritive properties, including additional vitamins, assist in providing the nourishment to restore the tired body and rebuild strength and vitality.

For these reasons delicious 'Ovaltine' has long been the regular bedtime beverage in countless homes throughout the world. There is nothing like it.

No other beverage can give you better sleep

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland: 1/6, 2/6 *and* 4/6

P.909A

look up at her bows, at her bowsprit and bobstay, and then the fog swallowed them up. The gig was instantly in a world of its own, constricted about by the walls of mist.

"Pull steady!" growled Hornblower to the man at the oars. "Seventeen," he said to himself. "Eighteen. Nineteen."

He was counting the strokes of the oars; it was a rough way of estimating the progress made. At seven feet to the stroke, less than two hundred strokes meant a quarter of a mile. But there was the speed of the tide to be allowed for. It would be nearer five hundred strokes.

"Seventy-four, seventy-five," said Hornblower, his eyes glued to the compass.

Even with the brisk tide running, the surface of the sea was a glassy flat calm; the oarblades, lifting from the water after each stroke, left whirlpools circling on the surface.

"Two hundred," said Hornblower, suppressing a momentary fear that he had miscounted and that it was really three hundred. The oars groaned on monotonously in the rowlocks.

"Keep your eyes ahead," said Hornblower to the coxswain. "Tell me the moment you see anything. Two sixty-four."

It seemed only yesterday that he had sat in the sternsheets of the jolly-boat of the Indefatigable, rowing up the estuary of the Gironde to cut out the Papillon. But that was more than ten years ago. *Three hundred. Three hundred and fifty. . . .*

"Sir," said the coxswain, tersely.

Hornblower looked forward. Ahead, a trifle on the port bow, there was the slightest thickening in the fog, the slightest looming of something solid there.

"Easy all!" said Hornblower, and the boat continued to glide over the surface; he put the tiller over slightly so as to approach whatever it was more directly. But the boat's way died away before they were near enough to distinguish any details, and at Hornblower's command the men began to row again. Distantly came a low hail out of the fog, apparently called forth by the renewal of the sound of the oars.

"Boat ahoy!"

At least the hail was in English. By now there was visible the vague outlines of a large brig; from the heaviness of her spars and fast lines she looked like one of the West India packets.

"What brig's that?" hailed Hornblower in reply.

"Amelia Jane of London, thirty-seven days out from Barbados."

That was a direct confirmation of Hornblower's first impression. But that voice? It did not sound quite English, somehow.

"Easy," said Hornblower to the rowers; the gig glided silently on over the water. He could see no sign of anything wrong.

"Keep your distance," said the voice from the brig.

There was nothing suspicious about the words. Any ship at anchor, hardly more than twenty miles from the coast of France, was fully entitled to be wary of strangers approaching in a fog. But that word sounded more like "deestance," all the same. Hornblower put his helm over to pass under the brig's stern. Several heads were now apparent at the brig's side; they moved round the stern in time with the gig.

There was the brig's name, sure enough. Amelia Jane, London. Then Hornblower caught sight of something else; it was a large boat lying under the brig's port quarter from the main chains. There might be a hundred possible explanations of that, but it was a suspicious circumstance.

"Brig ahoy!" he hailed.

"Keep off!" said the voice in reply.

Some of the heads at the brig's side developed shoulders, and three or four muskets were pointed at the gig.

"I am a King's officer," said Hornblower. "I'm coming aboard."

He stood up in the stern-sheets and unbuttoned his pea-jacket so that his uniform was visible. The central figure at the brig's side, the man who had been speaking, looked for a long moment and then spread his hands in a gesture of despair.

"Yes," he said.

Hornblower went up the brig's side as briskly as his chilled limbs would permit. As he stood on the deck, he felt a trifle self-conscious of being unarmed, for facing him were more than a dozen men, hostility in their bearing, and some of them with muskets in their hands. But the gig's crew had followed him on to the deck and closed up behind him, handling their cutlasses and pistols.

"Cap'n, sir!" It was the voice from overside of one of the two men left down in the gig. "Please, sir, there's a dead man in the boat here."

Hornblower turned away to look over. A dead man certainly lay there, doubled up in the bottom of the boat. That accounted for the floating oar then. And for the shot, of course. The man had been killed by a bullet from the brig at the moment the boat was laid alongside; the brig had been taken by boarding. Hornblower looked back towards the group on the deck.

"Frenchmen?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

THEIR leader was a man of sense. He had not attempted a hopeless resistance when his coup had been discovered. Although he had fifteen men at his back and there were only eight altogether in the gig, he had realized that the presence of a King's ship in the immediate vicinity made his final capture a certainty.

"Where's the crew?" asked Hornblower.

The Frenchman pointed forward, and at a gesture from Hornblower one of his men ran to release the brig's crew from their confinement in the forecastle—half a dozen coloured hands and a couple of officers.

"Much obliged to you, mister," said the captain, coming forward.

"I'm Captain Hornblower of His Majesty's ship Atropos."

"I beg your pardon, Captain." He was an elderly man, his white hair and blue eyes in marked contrast with his mahogany tan. "You've saved my ship."

"Yes," said Hornblower, "you had better disarm those men."

"Gladly, sir. See to it, Jack."

The other officer, presumably the mate, walked aft to take muskets and swords from the unresisting Frenchmen.

"They came out of the fog and laid me alongside before I was aware, almost, sir," went on the captain. "A King's ship took my four best hands when we was off the Start, or I'd have made a better account of them. I only got one crack at them as it was."

"It was that crack that brought me here," said Hornblower shortly. "Where did they come from?"

"Now that's just what I was asking myself," said the captain. "Not from France in that boat, they couldn't have come."

They turned their gaze inquiringly upon the dejected group of Frenchmen. It was a question of considerable importance. The Frenchmen must have come from a ship, and that ship must be anchored somewhere amid the crowded vessels in the Downs. And at that rate she must be disguised as a British vessel or a neutral, coming in with the others before the wind dropped and the fog closed down. There had been plenty of similar incidents during the war. It was an easy way to snap up a prize.

BUT it meant that somewhere close at hand there was a wolf in sheep's clothing, a disguised French privateer, probably crammed with men—she might have made other prizes.

"When the fog closed down," said the captain, "the nearest vessel to us was a Ramsgate trawler. She anchored at the same time as we did. I doubt if it could be her."

It was a matter of so much importance that Hornblower could not keep still. He turned and paced the deck for a space, his mind working rapidly. Yet his mind was not completely made up when he turned back and gave his first order in execution of the vague plan.

"Leadbitter," he said to the coxswain.

"Sir!"

"Tie those men's hands behind them."

"Sir?"

"You heard what I said."

To bind prisoners was almost a violation of the laws of war. When Leadbitter approached to carry out his orders, the Frenchmen showed evident resentment. A buzz of voices arose.

"You can't do this, sir," said their spokesman. "We have——"

"Shut your mouth," snapped Hornblower.

Hornblower was hating himself for the part he had to play, even while his calculating mind told him that he had a fair chance of success. He had to pose as a bloodthirsty man, delighting in the taking of human life, without mercy in his soul, gratified by the sight of the death-struggles of a fellow-human. Such men did exist, he knew. There were gloomy tyrants in the King's service.

He turned to one of his men.

"Run aloft," he said. "Reeve a whip through the block at the main yardarm."

That portended a hanging. The man looked at him with a momentary unbelief, but the scowl on Hornblower's face sent him scurrying up the ratlines. Then Hornblower strode to where the wretched Frenchmen were standing bound; their glance shifted from the yardarm to Hornblower's grim face, and their anxious chattering died away.

"You are pirates," said Hornblower, speaking slowly and distinctly. "I am going to hang you."

In case the English-speaking Frenchman's vocabulary did not include the

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B

MICHAEL slammed the front door, and piloted William, his aged father, to the bus stop. They were off on their usual Friday evening outing—along to the Bull and Bush two miles away for a friendly drink and a chat.

The bus drew up, and Michael and William clambered on. As they neared the request stop in front of the Bull and Bush, Michael called to the conductor: "Next stop, please." The conductor, who was having trouble with change for a pound at the front of the bus, rang the bell.

Before the bus reached the stop in front of the pub, it had to stop at some road excavations. Workmen had been digging for about a fortnight, and traffic was restricted to a single file.

Michael, who often travelled along this road, had noticed that some bus drivers stopped before the obstruction to let passengers get on and off, and then ignored the proper bus stop farther on. Although there was no sign indicating a temporary bus stop, he called out: "Come on, Father, this will do," as the bus came to a halt, and jumped off the platform. He was helping old William down when the bus started with a jerk, and drove on to the request stop, where the other passengers got down. Old William fell heavily, and broke his ankle.

Eventually, he sued the bus company for damages, claiming that he should not have been allowed to get down at that spot.

He said that the conductor had rung the bell, and that the bus had stopped soon after, giving him the impression that he could get down in safety. The conductor had to admit that he had not seen Michael and William getting off, and that he had not warned them to wait for the proper stop.

The bus owners replied that, as Michael knew the bus route, he had no reason for assuming that the bus had reached a proper stopping place. He had mistakenly persuaded his father to get off the bus by treating the halt for traffic as a bus stop. If Michael had done this, it certainly wasn't their fault.

William insisted: "It's a conductor's job to keep his eyes open for a bus stopping at the wrong place. He should warn passengers that it isn't safe to get off."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, see page 46

Already thousands of JOHN BULL families enjoy...
A GRAND BOOK EVERY MONTH
FOR ONLY 4/6 EACH
THE COMPANION BOOK CLUB
Mrs McGINTY'S DEAD
THEY DO IT WITH MIRRORS
Look at the AUTHORS! Look at the TITLES! YOU SAVE OVER £3 ON THESE SIX ALONE

Whatever delights you most in the way of books, exciting fact or absorbing romance, true-life adventure or realistic love story, you'll find them all in this great book club's Autumn programme of enjoyable, all-family reading. Such grand variety makes this a wonderful Club for everyone to belong to. Just think! The best books, selected from the lists of ALL publishers, priced elsewhere at 12/6, 15/- or even 20/-, can be yours in these specially produced, fine editions for only 4/6 each. Don't delay another moment; start enjoying the benefits of Club membership this month. Post the enrolment form below, AT ONCE!

Louis GOLDING *THE LOVING BROTHERS*

Novel of crime and love, by author of MAGNOLIA STREET. Features two pairs of brothers—a Warden of Oxford and the "con" man; the burglar and the brilliant "undergrad."

MID OCTOBER — A 15/- Hutchinson Book — CLUB PRICE 4/6 — YOU GAIN 10/6

Robert NEILL *MOON IN SCORPIO*

Historical novel set in 17th-century London and on the desolate Lancashire coast. Romance, adventure in full measure during the grim years following the Civil War.

MID NOVEMBER — A 12/6 Hutchinson Book — CLUB PRICE 4/6 — YOU GAIN 8/-

Edna FERBER *GIANT*

Explosive, modern novel of the fabulous cattle and oil kingdoms of Texas today, by author of ten famous novels including SHOW-BOAT, CIMARRON, etc. Acclaimed on both sides of the Atlantic!

MID DECEMBER — A 12/6 Gollancz Book — CLUB PRICE 4/6 — YOU GAIN 8/-

2 in ONE! **Agatha CHRISTIE** Master mystery writer!

THEY DO IT WITH MIRRORS *and* Mrs. McGINTY'S DEAD

MID JANUARY — Two Collins books originally 20/-, in one Club Volume — PRICE 4/6 — YOU GAIN 15/6

TWO EGGS ON MY PLATE *Oluf Reed Olsen's amazing true-life adventures!*

Terrifically exciting account of espionage in occupied Norway. Written with hard-bitten humour by brave men who day after day just escaped torture and death. Illustrated.

MID FEBRUARY — A 15/- Allen & Unwin Book — CLUB PRICE 4/6 — YOU GAIN 10/6

James Ramsey ULLMAN *WINDOM'S WAY*

Powerful, moving story of the "white doctor" of an Asiatic village drawn into the bitter conflict of the Cold War—against his own country and Western friends.

MID MARCH — A 12/6 Collins Book — CLUB PRICE 4/6 — YOU GAIN 8/-

Coming! Frances Parkinson KEYES, Phyllis BENTLEY, Hammond INNES, etc.

AN OPTIONAL EXTRA FOR MEMBERS ONLY

THOR HEYERDAHL'S THE KON-TIKI EXPEDITION

The finest sea-tale of our time. Special privilege edition at 4/6—lowest price ever for such a beautiful, illustrated, cloth-bound edition. Details on enrolment.

The only way to get these books at 4/6 each

is through this Club. It costs nothing to join—your only obligation is to take one book a month for six months, and then to continue just as long as you wish. Membership guarantees every book-bargain as issued for only 4/6 each, whatever the price elsewhere! Post form now to **The Companion Book Club, Dept. J.6, 30 Bedford St., Strand, London, W.C.2,** Or hand to your usual bookseller.

QUALITY FEATURES

1. HANDSOME VOLUMES OF UNIFORM SIZE
2. ATTRACTIVE BINDINGS in harmonious colours
3. TITLES in REAL GOLD on MATT FOIL PANELS
4. DURABLE RIGID BOOK-CLOTH CASES
5. COLOURED DUSTPROOF TOP EDGES
6. HIGH-GRADE OPAQUE WHITE PAPER

Each book has an attractive coloured protective jacket.

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

To: THE COMPANION BOOK CLUB, Dept. J.6, Odhams Press Ltd., 30 Bedford St., Strand, London, W.C.2.

ENROL me as a member beginning with the choice for the month in which I enrol. I will purchase six consecutive monthly choices and continue thereafter until I give one month's notice to stop. I will pay monthly on receipt of book at 5/- (4/6 plus 6d. postage).

Overseas and Gift enrolments must be prepaid for six months (30/-) or one year (£3). No despatches to Australia.

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

MR. / MRS / MISS NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.6. 17/10/53 .....

word "hang," he pointed significantly to the man at the yardarm. They could all understand that. They remained silent for a second or two, and then several of them began to speak at once in torrential French, which Hornblower could not well follow, and then the leader, having pulled himself together, began his protest in English.

"We are not pirates," he said.

"I think you are," said Hornblower.

"We are privateersmen," said the Frenchmen.

"Pirates," said Hornblower.

The talk among the Frenchmen rose to a fresh height; Hornblower's French was good enough for him to make out that the leader was translating his curt words to his companions, and they were urging him to explain more fully their position.

"I assure you, sir," said the wretched man, striving to be eloquent in a strange language, "we are privateersmen and not pirates."

Hornblower regarded him with a stony countenance, and without answering, turned away to give further orders.

"Leadbitter," be said, "I'll have a hangman's noose on the end of that line." Then he turned back to the Frenchmen.

"Who do you say you are, then?" he asked. He tried to utter the words as indifferently as he could.

"We are from the privateer Vengeance of Dunkirk, sir. I am Jacques Lebon, prizemaster."

Privateers usually went to sea with several extra officers, who could be put into prizes to navigate them back to a French port without impairing the fighting efficiency of the privateer, which could continue her cruise. These officers were usually selected for their ability to speak English and for their knowledge of English sea-going ways, and they bore the title of "prizemaster." Hornblower turned back to observe the noose now dangling significantly from the yardarm, and then addressed the prizemaster.

"You have no papers," he said.

He forced his lips into a sneer as he spoke; to the wretched men studying every line in his face, his expression appeared quite unnatural, as indeed it was. And Hornblower was gambling a little when he said what he did. If the prizemaster had been able to produce any papers the whole line of attack would have to be altered; but it was not much of a gamble. Hornblower was certain when he spoke that if Lebon had had papers in his pocket he would have already mentioned them.

"No," said Lebon, crestfallen. It was hardly likely that he would have when engaged on an ordinary operation of war.

"Then you hang," said Hornblower. "All of you. One by one."

THE laugh he forced himself to produce sounded positively inhuman, horrible. Anyone hearing it would be justified in thinking that he was inspired by the anticipated pleasure of watching the death-struggles of a dozen men. The white-haired captain of the Amelia Jane could not bear the prospect, and came forward to enter into the discussion.

"Sir," he said. "What are you going to do?"

"I am going to attend to my own business, sir," said Hornblower, striving to throw into his voice all the harshness he had ever heard employed by all the insolent officers he had met during his service. "May I ask you to be kind enough to do the same?"

"But you can't be meaning to hang the poor devils," went on the captain.

"But that is what I do mean."

"But not in my ship, sir—not now—not without trial."

"In your ship, sir, which you allowed to be captured. And now. Pirates taken red-handed can be hanged instantly, as you know, sir. And that is what I shall do."

It was a stroke of good fortune that the captain should have entered into the discussion. His appearance of sick dismay and the tone of his protests were convincingly genuine—they would never have been so if he had been admitted previously to a planned scheme. Hornblower's attitude towards him was brutal, but it was for the good of the cause.

"Sir," persisted the captain, "I'm sure they're only privateersmen——"

"Please refrain from interfering with a King's officer in the execution of his duty. You two men there, come here."

The two of the crew of the gig that he indicated approached obediently. Probably they had seen hangings before, along with every kind of brutality in a brutal service. But the imminent certainty of taking personal part in a hanging obviously impressed them. There was some reluctance visible in their expressions, but the hard discipline of the service would make certain they would obey the orders of this one man, unarmed and outnumbered.

LOOKING along the line of faces, Hornblower momentarily felt a horrid sickness in his stomach as he wondered how he would be feeling if he really was selecting a victim.

"I'll have that one first," he said, pointing.

The bull-throated swarthy man whom he indicated paled and shuddered; backing away, he tried to shelter himself among his fellows. They were all speaking at once, jerking their arms frantically against the bonds that secured their wrists.

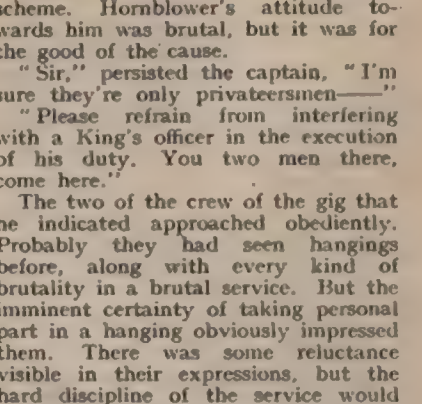
"Sir!" said Lebon. "Please—I beg of you—I implore. . . ."

Hornblower condescended to spare him a glance, and Lebon went on in a wild struggle against the difficulties of language and the handicap of not being free to gesticulate.

"We are privateersmen. We fight for the Empire, for France." Now he was on his knees, his face lifted. As he could not use his hands he was actually nuzzling with his mouth against the skirts of Hornblower's pea-jacket. "We surrendered. We did not fight. We caused no death."

"Take this man away from me," said Hornblower, withdrawing out of

Have you a son in Hongkong?



About 10,000 Britons live in the island colony of Hongkong, vital seaport that sits on the doorstep of Communist China

HERE is the ideal way of letting relatives and friends overseas know that your thoughts are with them throughout the year, and of solving your Christmas gift problem at the same time. Send them a year's subscription to JOHN BULL and share fifty-two weeks' enjoyment of Britain's leading family magazine.

An added personal touch to your gift will be an attractive coloured greetings card bearing your name sent with the first copy of the magazine.

Now is the time to send your order if your friend or relative lives in a far-off country; Christmas mails take some weeks to reach certain parts of the world, such as Hongkong.

Just write the name and address of the person for whom the gift is intended in block letters and post, together with 24s. (21s. 8d. for Canada) to the Publisher, Odhams Press, Ltd., 57 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Postal orders, money orders and cheques should be made payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., and crossed.

20 for 3/7

First class quality

'THREE THREES'

CIGARETTES

made by State Express

'Sunny Spread' is a lovely creamy blend of the three great energy foods : — Invert Sugar, Honey and Glucose. It spreads delightfully, yet will not ooze or drip. Relished even by the few who don't like raw honey. Rich in energy and grand for kiddies-on-the-go . . . unless Dad gets there first.

Made by the bees — and Yeatmans of Watford

Knitted from high quality two-fold yarns and beautifully finished, Pick garments retain their shape, and wash and wear perfectly. Good outfitters keep Pick slip-overs, pullovers and cardigans for men; jerseys for children; jumpers and cardigans for women. The slipover illustrated is one of an enormous range of plain and fancy styles.

PICK THE GARMENT WITH THIS LABEL

PICK KNITWEAR

J. PICK & SONS LTD, LEICESTER

Taste these fine Sherries at home ...

8 miniature bottles 20/- POST-PAID

The Sampler contains miniature bottles of :—

REGENCY DRY
A traditional blend from Sunny Spain. Firm favourite with men!
20/- the full-size bottle.

REGENCY BROWN
Heavenly nutty aroma—one of Spain's finest sherries.
20/- the full-size bottle.

REGENCY CREAM
Supreme! Rich in subtle flavour, velvet to the palate.
23/- the full-size bottle.

AMONTILLADO
Wonderful for sharpening jaded appetites ! A perfect Apéritif.
22/- the full-size bottle.

HUNTING
A superb medium - golden Spanish sherry of rare inheritance.
22/- the full-size bottle.

CAPE DRY
More masculine delight! Finds favour too with women who appreciate a dry South African sherry.
14/6 the full-size bottle.

CAPE BROWN
A distinctive South African sherry, imported exclusively by Grant's.
14/6 the full-size bottle.

CAPE CREAM
Another fine South African wine shipped especially by Grant's.
14/6 the full-size bottle.

Grant's offer *you* this wonderful new Sherry Sampler containing eight miniature, yet *generous*, bottles of really fine sherry — including all three famous 'Regency' brands! It's a smart idea to order a Sampler *now*, select *your* personal choice of sherry, and then order its big brother — well in time for Christmas. With sherry in the house you are splendidly equipped to offer the occasional guest flattering hospitality, to say nothing of the moments when you yourself will appreciate a glass to smooth out life's ups and downs!

GRANT'S

REGENCY SHERRIES

The Sampler is available from all Ind Coope & Allsopp houses, B. Grant's shops, or by filling in the coupon below.

ORDER HERE

TO B. GRANT & COMPANY LIMITED
21, BURY ST, ST JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1

Please send me a GRANT'S SHERRY SAMPLER, post-paid. I enclose P.O./Cheque for 20/-.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

JB/51 **BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE**

reach. But Lebon, on his knees, followed him over the deck, nuzzling and pleading.

"Captain," said the English captain, interceding once again. "Can't you at least wait and land 'em for trial? If they're pirates it'll be proved quick enough."

"I want to see 'em dangling," said Hornblower, searching feverishly in his mind for the most impressive thing he could say.

The two English seamen, taking advantage of the volume of protest, had paused in the execution of their orders. Hornblower looked up at the noose, dangling dimly but horribly in the fog.

"I don't believe for one single moment," went on Hornblower, "that these men are what they say they are. Just a band of thieves, pirates. Leadbitter, put four men on that line. I'll give the word when they are to walk away with it."

"Sir," said Lebon, "I assure you, word of honour, we are from the privateer Vengeance."

"Bah!" replied Hornblower. "Where is she?"

LEBON could not point with his hands; he pointed with his chin, over the port bow of the anchored Amelia Jane. "Over there," he said.

"Did you see any vessel over there before the fog closed down, captain?" demanded Hornblower, turning to the English captain.

"Only the Ramsgate trawler," he said, reluctantly.

"That is our ship!" said Lebon. "That is the Vengeance! She was a Dunkirk trawler. We—we made her look like that."

So that was it. A Dunkirk trawler. Her fishholds could be crammed full of men. A slight alteration of gear, an R painted on her mainsail, a suitable name painted on her stern, and then she could wander about the narrow seas without questions, snapping up prizes almost at will.

"Where did you say she lay?" demanded Hornblower.

"There—oh!"

Lebon checked himself as he realized how much information he was giving away.

"I can hazard a good guess as to how she bears from us," interposed the English captain. "I saw—oh!"

He broke off exactly as Lebon had done, but from surprise. He was staring at Hornblower. It was like the denouement scene in some silly farce. The lost heir was at last revealed. The idea of now accepting the admiration of his unwitting fellow-players, of modestly admitting that he was not the monster of ferocity he had pretended to be, irritated Hornblower beyond all bearing. All his instincts and good taste rose against the trite and the obvious. Now that he had acquired the information he had sought, he could please himself as long as he acted instantly on that information. The scowl he wished to retain rested the more easily on his features with this revulsion of feeling.

"I'd be sorry to miss a hanging," he said, half to himself. "If that thick neck were stretched a little. . . ."

HE broke off and took a brief turn up and down the deck, eyed by every man who stood on it.

"Very well," he said, halting. "It's against my better judgment, but I'll wait before I hang these men. What was the approximate bearing of that trawler when she anchored, Captain?"

"It was at slack water," began the captain, making his calculations. "We were just beginning to swing. I should say. . . ."

The captain was obviously a man of sober judgment and keen observation. Hornblower listened carefully.

"Very well," said Hornblower, when he had finished. "Leadbitter, I'll leave you on board with two men. Keep an eye on these prisoners and see they don't retake the brig. I'm returning to the ship now. Wait here for further orders."

He went down into his gig; the captain, accompanying him to the ship's side, was clearly and gratifyingly puzzled. It was almost beyond his belief that Hornblower could be the demoniac monster that he had appeared to be. Yet, on the other hand, it was almost beyond his belief that, if Hornblower had employed a clever ruse to gain the information, he should refuse to enjoy the plaudits of his audience.

Either notion was puzzling. That was well. Let him be puzzled. Let them all be puzzled—it would do no harm.

Hornblower could spare them no thought in any case, with all his attention glued upon the compass card. It would be ludicrous—it would be horribly comic—if, after all this, he were to miss Atropos on his way back to her, if he were to blunder about in the fog for hours looking for his own ship. He kept the gig rigidly on its course.

With what still remained of the ebb tide behind them, it would only be a few seconds before they ought to sight Atropos.

To be continued next week

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 43, the judge decided that as the bus had stopped soon after the conductor rang the bell, Michael and William had in fact, been invited to get off. It would have been a different matter if the conductor had warned them that the bus had not reached an official stop. The judge ruled that the conductor had been negligent, and William hobbled proudly out of court, having won his case. *(This is the probable decision, based on actual cases.)*

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

When ordering, write your name and full postal address clearly in block letters. Do not send cash unless registered. Cross postal orders or cheques and keep the counterfoils

ASTOUNDING BLANKET BARGAINS NEW SEASON

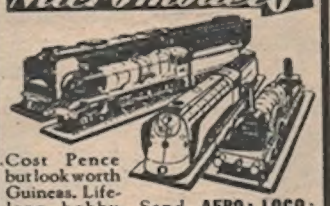
15/11 Post 1/7 ex. 4 for £3 Post Free. Size approx. 60 x 76.

Brand new. Top Quality light grey blended Woollen at less than today's making cost. You will be amazed by the value. Extra weight. Extra large size, grey 70 x 90 25/11.

TRAVEL RUGS

Red or Blue Overcheck design on heather background, whipped ends. Wonderful value. Were 35/-. Extra weight. Ideal picnic rug or bed-cover. Size 60 x 65. Nearly Half-price at 19/11. **Superior quality hand fringed rug 27/11** (56 x 72). **Tartan checks, all colours.** *Post 1/7 ex. Money refund guar. C.O.D. or Terms.* **THE TRIUNE Co. (Dept. J.B.) 200a Manchester Road, Bradford, Yorks.**

Micromodels



Cost Pence but look worth Guineas. Life-long hobby. Send stamped addressed envelope for Illustrated Catalogue.

AERO: LOCO: ARCHITECTL: SHIPS, ETC. 100 MODELS

Micromodels Ltd., 3 (J), Racquet Ct., London, E.C.4

LEARN TO ICE *with Professional Skill*

Learn the secret of expert icing and cake decorating in 8 EASY LESSONS

Completed course makes up into brilliant, fully illustrated loose leaf book (which remains pupils property), and in all costs no more than £2-2-0. Write at once for further details from Dept. J.B.

Rhodes School of Cake Decoration

(London and Provincial Medallists),

AUDLEY RANGE, BLACKBURN, LANCS.

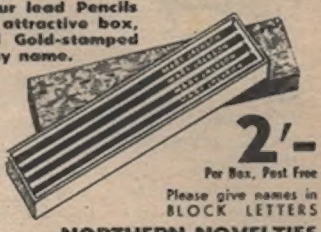
Make this attractive **WOOL RUG** from Stoddart's **EMPIRE 6-fold Rug Wool for 56/9** POST PAID

No. C.502 Outfit is complete and contains (a) best English String Canvas foundation, size 24 in. x 27 in., with design clearly stamped in colour; (b) sufficient EMPIRE quality 6-fold Rug Wool; (c) Latch Hook; (d) Cutting gauge. Money refunded if not satisfied. Supplied in fawn ground and two shades of green—but you can choose your own colour scheme by writing for our range of shades. Complete Outfit 56/9 post paid.

STODDART'S Dept. U., Empire Works Halifax, Yorkshire.

XMAS GIFT

Four lead Pencils in attractive box, all Gold-stamped any name.



2/- Per Box, Post Free

Please give names in BLOCK LETTERS

NORTHERN NOVELTIES

Dept. 10, UNDERCLIFFE, BRADFORD, 2

14 Days FREE TRIAL

The FAMOUS **REMINGTON CONTOUR G** Electric Dry Shaver for only **20/- Deposit**

Six Diamond-honed Heads to fit every type of beard. Fully Suppressed, Highly Efficient Motor. 210/250 volts A.C./D.C. in Presentation Case. Cash £8.10.0 or 20/- Deposit and 8 Monthly Payments of 20/-. Deposit refunded if not approved.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.9)

94-104 DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5

MATTRESS BARGAIN

Luxury Spring Interior

NO DEPOSIT PAY OVER 3 MONTHS

Made to B.S.I. Specification and guaranteed 5 years.

We offer to send a mattress on approval, without deposit, to anyone who cannot visit our London showrooms. Only condition that on receipt and examination you pay full cash or 30/- deposit, balance over 3 months, or return mattress in perfect condition to us carriage paid. Please state size required.

89/6

2' 6"–44·9·6	3' 0"–44·17·6
3' 6"–45·9·6	4' 0"–46·4·6
4' 6"–46·12·6	

Carriage and packing 3/6 to 12/6 according to distance.

NIMBUS EQUIPMENT LIMITED

(Dept. J.B.) 189 Strand, London, W.C.2

TIMBER

FREE OF LICENCE CLEAN HARDWOOD

PRICES PER 100 ft. RUN

½" x 2" - - 17/3	1" x 6" - - 90/-
1" x 1" - - 17/3	1½" x 1½" - - 38/3
1" x 2" - - 34/-	1½" x 2" - - 50/-
1" x 3" - - 51/-	2" x 2" - - 60/-
1" x 4" - - 61/-	2" x 3" - - 90/-

Other sizes at pro-rata rates.

Slight extra for prepared timber.

Carriage Paid on Orders £3 or over.

Send cash with order, money refunded if not satisfied.

WHOLESALE TIMBER SUPPLY CO.

(Dept. JB), WATERDEN ROAD, LONDON, E.15

Pour out your own novelties with

'Handicrafts'

NEW LIQUID PLASTIC

Use your spare time profitably pouring beautiful castings at home. We supply everything including ready made moulds and show you how. Rapid production. Make Xmas gifts. Good proposition for men and women. Send 2½d. stamp for exciting book and market details. No obligation.

QUALITY PLASTICS LTD.

Dept. J.B.5, Brentwood, Essex

THORNS GREENHOUSES GARAGES SHEDS

250 miles free lorry delivery.

Shed as illustrated £16.11.0

Others from - - £14.3.0 or 56/6 down.

Cash or Terms—Money back Guarantee. Write today for FREE CATALOGUE. Please state building required.

J. THORN & SONS LTD.

(Box 5) Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent

Tel.: Bexleyheath 305 Est. 1896

GLENMOOR CUTS COSTS BY **70%**

Carpeting

EXAMPLE ROOM 10' x 9' Grade 1 £11.3.4. Grade 2 £7.13.4

1/- *Send for Samples (refundable)*

For fitted carpets, runners, surrounds, squares, slipmats, etc.

Width	18"	27"	36"	54"
Grade 1	11/6	17/-	22/6	33/6
Grade 2	8/-	11/9	15/6	22/-

Price per yard, carriage free.

Modern hair and wool felted carpeting. Soft and luxurious to the feet, pleasing to the eye, it will last and wear well. Resilient, non-slip, sprayed rubber base, which is moth and damp resisting. Needs no stitching and no underfelt. Will not fray. Grade 1, Granted GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SEAL OF GUARANTEE.

Colours: Green, Beige, Brown, Red, Blue, Rust, Rose Pink, Grey. Also 5 delightful new shades: Mottle Green, Mottle Blue, Mottle Cherry, Blue Mist, Sage Green (*New shades in Grade 1 only*).

FRY & COWELL (PINDI STORES LTD.) (Dept. J.B.13) 373/5 Uxbridge Rd., ACTON, W.3 or 54 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4

ONE MILLION PAIRS

5 PAIRS **8/11** Post etc 1/6

THE LARGEST SURPLUS PARCEL EVER!

'ARMY GREYS'

MUST BE CLEARED

Straight from manufacturers' original wrappers. A sock built for warmth, comfort, durability and hard wear. These magnificently made warm mixture socks. 5 pairs for the usual price of 1 pair, must be winter's greatest sock bargain. How can you possibly hesitate, with a money-back guarantee if you are not positively satisfied with this wonderful offer. 10 pairs 17/6, post, etc., 1/9.

FREE LISTS of Suiting Patterns, etc. TERMS

HEADQUARTER & GENERAL SUPPLIES LTD. (Dept. J.B.52), 196-200 Coldharbour Lane, Loughboro June., London, S.E.5. Open all Sat. 1 p.m. Wed.

KNIT *the Modern Way!* *on the* **ROTA-PIN**

10/9 POST FREE

Perfect Results without Experience.

The "ROTA-PIN" knits garments to perfection in stocking, ribbing, garter stitch, Fair Isle, etc. Even distribution of tension, increasing, decreasing and stitch-counting greatly simplified.

JUNIOR Model (80 stitch) 10/9 post free, complete with accessories and illustrated book.

STANDARD Model (160 stitch) 20/- post free.

Obtainable only from Sole Concessionaires:

TEEBEE MFG. CO. LTD.

Dept. 98, Charlbury, Oxford

LADIES' "COCKTAIL" WRIST WATCH

A SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY YOURS FOR

15/6 DEPOSIT

15 Jewel Lever Precision Movement. Modern Square Dial and Oval Cocktail Glass Guaranteed Accurate Timekeeper. Highly Polished Chrome Front & Stainless Steel Back. Fancy Side Loops & Double Silk Cord. Cash Price £6.18.6. Delivered for 15/6 Deposit. Balance 14/6 Monthly. Also in Brilliant "Staygold" (Equal to Gold) Finished Front. Cash Price £7.7.0 or 17/6 Deposit & 15/6 Monthly. Both Watches Carry 12 Months' Written Guarantee. Deposit refunded if not approved.

Write for Fully Illustrated Watch List.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.2), 94-104 Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

THE GIRL WHO WAS TAKEN OVER

Continued from page 21

rail and climbed it, hugging the gammon under one arm. At the top came the tricky business of fixing the pointed hook into the hock end. It meant letting go of the ladder and wrestling with both hands. It was something the odd-job man usually did for her.

Coughing against the smoke, her eyes smarting, she made one fierce effort to get the hook through the tough skin of the bacon. It slipped, and so did the ladder. The gammon dropped down into the sawdust, sending up sparks and clouds of smoke, the ladder clanged down against the far wall. Ruth was left hanging on the hook by one hand, kicking her legs.

"Help!" she cried. It was a very muffled cry, for the smoke was choking her. And in any case nobody could possibly hear unless they were in the garden. She couldn't support her weight much longer and it was a question of whether she choked to death or fell and broke her legs.

Fortunately, when she shouted for the third desperate time, somebody was in the garden. Having failed to get an answer in the shop, Mark had plucked up the courage to wander through the house looking for her. He went into the smoke room and looked up at the two bits of bacon and Ruth.

"The ladder!" she gasped.

In remarkably quick time he got the ladder in position, ran up it and came down with Ruth on his back in true fireman fashion. He went out of the door and across the lawn, still carrying her.

"I can walk," she said.

He said: "So can I. Which is your room? You're going to lie down while I get you a drink. . . ."

He went up the crooked staircase into the low-beamed bedroom and plumped her on the feather bed. "Now," he said, briskly, "artificial respiration?"

"No!" she exclaimed, and sat up in sharp alarm. Then she got a fresh shock. "You've shaved off your moustache!"

"I know. It was too much of an ordeal for you. Do you like me any better now? I came back to find out."

"You look younger. No more than thirty."

"Twenty - seven," he corrected. "And you look like a nigger minstrel."

SHE did, too. Ruth was smoked all over. She swung her legs off the bed, went to the looking glass and surveyed herself.

"What's this!" Mark said. He was looking at a photograph of himself at twenty-two, smiling and boyish and moustacheless.

"Oh, that," she said. "Aunt Bet gave it to me. And I just hadn't got anything else to put there."

Mark was looking thoughtful. "You don't think the old dear had designs for us, do you?"

"What kind of designs?"

"Well, you know, in the shop. A kind of partnership."

Run! she thought. Run now! If she could just get down the stairs and across the shop. . . .

But no. He crossed the bedroom and looked down at her.

Desperate, self-conscious, she said: "I'm leaving." She was all choked up again, only this time it wasn't smoke. And her eyes were watering, too. "Everything's ready for you to take over. I've done all the books and got the shape ship shop. . . ."

Then she said: "Oh!"

He had put his arms around her, was fondling her hair, her face was tilting back.

"Ruthie," he said. Aunt Bet had always called her Ruthie.

And she whispered: "Mark Lacey, licensed to sell tobacco. . . ."

They were on the threshold of a kiss when the shop door-bell rang.

"I'll go, dear," Mark said.

She watched him cross the room and heard him clumping down the stairs. *I'll go, dear,* she thought. She could hear them saying it to each other through all the years to come. THE END

Increased Cash and more Christmas Dinners for "Bullets"

FIRST PRIZE £750 MUST BE WON OUTRIGHT THIS WEEK

CHEQUES, CHRISTMAS TURKEYS, FOWLS, CAKES, etc., value over £1,200

Other prizes **£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6** *All plus Christmas Turkeys!*

TWO OF £5 EACH, TEN OF £2. 10s. EACH

25 SURREY FOWLS | **1,500 "Good Shots"** | **XMAS CAKES** A delicious Xmas Cake accompanies each Turkey or Fowl won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet

★ More CASH, TV and CHRISTMAS FEASTS next week!

THAT £300 *Bullet* announced below could just as well have been made by *you*. So this week's enormously increased prize of £750 cash can be yours for a *Bullet*—and that giant First, remember, heads a list of cheques, Christmas turkeys, fowls and cakes value over £1,200. Also waiting to be won is £750 cash for Crosswords, so double your winning opportunities by entering *both* contests!

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

The Pearl Of Peace
In Another World
Humanity's Future
Man Who Works
Taxation's Steam-roller
To Be Honest
Hand Of Fate
If They Had Their Way
Poisons The Air
A Lasting Joy
No Matter How
Like A Baby Elephant
Undreamed Of
The Uproar Ceased And
Over His Shoulder
Getting Ready
On The First Space-ship
Lovesick Swain
In The Fishmongers'
Dragged Through The Mud

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

The Bad Old.....
Wizard With A.....
Her Best .....
What.....Means To Us
Nice Lot Of.....
It's Really A....., But

"Bullets" Winners 1,903

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus Ideal Kitchen: H. K. Jackson, 135 Hawthorn Road, Kingstanding, Birmingham:

That Bang Shot Across *Mankind's* "Bows."

£25: W. G. Chitty, 8 Hurn Way, Christchurch, Hants: THE SILVERY MOON—*Plus* HIS "BRASS," IRRESISTIBLE!

£10: W. Wood, 4 Droversdale Road, Bircotes, Doncaster: OTHER PEOPLE'S VIEWS—DON'T TREAT LIKE *Snapshots*!

OTHER AWARDS: £9: P. V. G. Dawson, Walnut Tree House, Burstall, Ipswich: IF WE'RE NOT CAREFUL—WORLD "EARTHQUAKE" *Without* "RELIEF." £8: J. M. Newton, 18 The Cottages, Winchburgh, West Lothian: DOWN SWOOPED A HUNTER AND—SHOT "*Lion*" INTO *Lead*. £7: Mrs. G. E. Jackson, "Treetops," South Devon Avenue, Mapperley: THAT BANG—MEANS "YOUNG JOHN'S AWAKE." £6: S. Brooker, Osler Pavilion, Headington, Oxford: BROTHERLY LOVE—"THERE'S *Your* CHURCH, NIGGER!" £5: C. W. Furmston, 21 Nab Hill Avenue, Leek: WORLD OF PLENTY—TOMORROW—FOR *Yesterday's* POPULATION! £5: R. D. Gordon, 44 Moss-side Road, Glasgow: TO PREVENT ACCIDENTS—IVAN'S A CAREFUL *Talker*! £5: Mrs. J. McGowan, 15 Lynnburn Avenue, Bellshill, Lanarks: TO PREVENT ACCIDENTS—MORE "ROUNDABOUTS" —*And* SWINGS!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 *Bullets* Season Tickets and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of these Contests (*Bullets* in JOHN BULL dated November 21 and Crosswords in JOHN BULL dated November 28), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, November 7, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,908 result.)

£750 XWORD — FIRST PRIZE £600, SECOND PRIZE £100, THIRD PRIZE £50

THIS WAY TO WIN First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two*, *three* or *four* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues — XWORD 859

1. Band can help in getting people to
5. You may get two or three on a big, public building
8. Players soon get accustomed to short ones
9. Despite a detective's efforts to do this for information, he may fail to catch his man
12. Is often strikingly colourful
15. These from neglected garden next-door are troublesome things
16. You get piles of things heaped on to

Down Clues

2. Theatrical producer may find it possible to cut it
3. Can be more useful than ornamental
4. There's many a lonely old lady who would hate to be without
6. Describes the stuff that sometimes falls down chimney
7. Boxer is sometimes capable of winning them without receiving much punishment
10. Sometimes one can bring certain amount of relief to a person
11. Good sport will do this without any fuss
13. Your good, responsible workman does not like losing
14. Typist likes this to leave generous margin

XWORD 855 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 2, Win. 5, Dried. 7, Dabble. 11, Pig. 12, Post. 13, Peep. 14, Crawl. DOWN: 1, Cream. 2, Wild. 3, Drill. 4, Wet. 6, Drought. 8, Bags. 9, Hotter. 10, Drip

FOUR £100 SHARERS: Mrs. D. Adams, 71 Marlborough Street, Londonderry; H. Cronshaw, Burrough Hall, Melton Mowbray; W. Hibbit, 33 Summervale Road, Tunbridge Wells; R. Young, 62 Bridge Street, Pershore.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 67 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,908 (or Xword 859), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, (Comp.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.
BULLET .....
EX. ..... 6d.
B. .....
EX. ..... 6d.
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. ..... } EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.

NOTE BONUS OFFER ABOVE for FULLY COMPLETED COUPON

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

1,908 Closing Postmark MON., OCT. 26

MAY WE SEND YOU THIS GUIDE TO SUCCESS? For practical help with *Bullets* and Crosswords, stick 2½d. stamp on right—this brings you *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated November 7. **721**

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for "*Bulletin*"

£750 XWORD

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.
No.		4s.

(*Total fee shown includes entry on Square*)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **859** Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 2

I enclose P.O. value ..... No.....

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Extra Answers to two Clues=4 Squares, 1s.; to three Clues =8 Squares, 2s.; to four Clues=16 Squares, 4s.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Nov. 14.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per contest and to entry needing not more than 8s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

Another £750 Xword coupon for this Contest in next week's issue.

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

boils WHITEST of all!

DAZ

It's new-
It's BLUE!